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OLD LIES AND NEW.*

THERE is no portion of history so varied, no centuries so fecund in political, civil, moral, and religious speculations and theories as those since the systematic and organized promulgation of the tenets and errors, either invented or improved, by the earliest band of Protestant "reformers." Doubtless the adherents of Paganism yielded not without a long and arduous struggle. Christianity did not spread over the face of the globe with the incredible swiftness of a sunbeam. There was the first faint glimmer through the thick darkness slowly and gradually brightening into the twilight; then the "day-star" arose; and with slow steps and oftentimes clouded face, mounted almost imperceptibly to the "height of noon." Darkness receded from the advance of the light of Christian truth, and found a home in the "umbrageous grotto and cool recesses" of human perversity and sin, to be summoned forth at intervals as the sun of Grace, now risen, was temporarily eclipsed or obscured by the crimes and passions of men. In this test struggle and inaugural conflict the triumph and defeat were unvaried—sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. Each alternation did not develop a new phase. Christianity gained steadily though not without frequent and terrible disasters and reverses. There were two forces at war, each distinct and compact of its kind. Roman Paganism was the strongest and most comprehensive as well as the most aggressive system of Paganism, admitting, absorbing, and toning to its own ambitious designs the idolatrous practices and gods of all the nations dependent on or subject to its consecrated eagles. Christianity, though preyed on from the beginning by corrupters, errorists, and heretics, hardly felt yet the weakness of internal disorder and the difficulty of misguidance. Those early "children of darkness" were, for the most part, such as blended, or tried to blend, the principles and external worships of the two contending elements, and by compromise thus effect a recon-

* Judicium Roberti Bellarmini Politiani Societatis Jesu theologi de libro quem Lutherani vocant concordiæ cum brevi apologia pro eodem judicio. Neapoli apud Josephum Guliano editorem. 1859.

ciliation. They were the popular religionists of their day; disavowed as deserters and emphatically disclaimed by the Pagan; denounced as false teachers, and anathematized by the Christian. Although the contest was prolonged by the innate strength and favoring circumstances on the one hand, and by an undying and ever-increasing vitality on the other, still the progress of centuries found little or no variety of kind, though some of degree, as the one strengthened by new accessions and the other fainted from numerous defections. The same cries went up under Diocletian as under Nero; "Christians to the lions," shouted the Pagan priest; "Christ is God," protested the gasping martyr. New institutions, new modes of thought, new forms of public decorum, new relations of individual with individual, individual with community, community with community, and nation with nation were introduced, and, in a word, the world found itself, after the convulsion of the strife had subsided, revolutionized and almost completely regenerated. The victory was complete, the overthrow final.

How differently has resulted "the trial of strength" between Catholicity and Protestantism its periodic history, as well as the burning issues of the day, abundantly testify. The reasons for this discrepancy and dissimilarity of result are not far to seek. All eruptions from within the Church have maintained, almost equally in duration and counterpoised advantages, the same bitter struggle. Overlooking the continuous chain of Eastern heresies that shoot from afar their branches into our own age, and possess an apparent perpetuity through the renovating fountain of change, there are more than a sufficiency of rebellious examples in the Western World. Arianism had its long day, its advocates and persistent votaries; Pelagianism fought a lengthened fight; Iconoclasm brought sorrow and exile to numerous Christian souls, and desolated many a renowned temple; the Paulicians, and still later on, the Albigenses, Waldenses, and Lollards died not at the breath of anathema nor surrendered at the bidding of the Church.

It is apt to be demanded in this connection: How does it come to pass, if the Catholic Church be identical with the primitive Church which overturned the idols of Paganism in its infancy, and eventually subdued the most warlike and determined race of antiquity, fondly wedded as they were by habit, prejudice, and arrogance to their customs, religion, and immorality, that, with all its powers of allurement and coercion, perfected disciplinary *régime*, innumerable devotees, grand array of learned doctors and theologians, and all those other countless helps long possession gave, a mere handful of resolute men not only emancipated themselves from its doctrines and laws, but bade defiance to its utmost exertions and menaces, and finally succeeded in seducing a third of its membership, and remains still defiant, unconquerable, and in some places superior to it in numbers, influence, and respectability? This is the negative argument of desperation, often employed to silence the inquisitive whisperings of conscience and to calm the troubled soul dissatisfied, as it frequently is, with the indefinite and unstable tenets held or laid by as conducive motives quicken or utterly abandon those without the pale of the Church. It is a bright but fatal phantasm, a sort of "soothing syrup" administered to "minds diseased." Circumstances alter cases. The Church had to contend, it is true, in its infancy, but with Paganism; and Paganism possessed nothing in common with Christianity. It had principles, codes, ceremonies, rites, and practices of its own. It had gods and idols, priests and sacrifices, objects and ends diametrically

antagonistic to the "Word." It is in the nature of things that when institutions are in mutual hostility they will strive forever, if equally balanced, or, if unequally, until the stronger asserts its destructive superiority, and then "the weaker goes to the wall." There was no connecting link, no participation, no neutral ground, no stated period of truce by which or through which, the conservation of a single custom or iota of the doctrine of the one was not an injury and loss to the other. Hence interminable antagonism, without the possibility of mistaking the opposing interests, was alone practicable. With Protestantism, as with other Christian heresies, the relation is radically different.

Those who severed their connections with the Church through a spirit of obstinacy, or from other cause, carried with them in their revolt many of the doctrines, some of the ceremonies, and most of the moral code of Catholicity. These "stolen goods" gave them some grounds at least on which to make the pretence of Christian teachers. Fortuitous political complications, national enmities, temporary advantages, or personal jealousies, in most instances, were ready to defend the pretentious; and after the rebelling generation had disappeared the heresy became hereditary.

Where there are so many things in common as between Catholicity and Protestantism, both believing in the same God, both worshipping the same Redeemer, both guided by a scarcely distinguishable morality, the full force, simple excellence, and undivided strength of the Catholic Church cannot operate as on an open antagonist and external enemy, and many of its efforts redound as much to the service, if not to the honor, of Protestantism as to its own advancement. Since doctrine and morality are so intimately and inseparably connected, and as morality is a common possession and general heritage, it is impossible to further either without furnishing the means of strength to those without the Church but still Christian to some extent. Thus contrasted the standard of judgment to which the world, with few exceptions, appeals, loses its dial and indicator; and hence the Church fights heresy "with one hand tied behind its back." While the Catholic Church is identical with the primitive Church, its present enemies are to be foiled by other weapons and other tactics than were the old idolaters, as they have and use the chain-armor of Christian morality, though wanting the helmet of faith.

However absurd in logic the process of compelling the owner to substantiate and prove his claim and right of ownership must have in it something analogous to nature. This is the course pursued in almost every walk of life. Is a man's title to a piece of real estate questioned, he has to produce his title-deeds. Is a man's horse stolen, and he discovers the animal in its hiding-place, he has to "prove property" ere he regains his own. Justice would seem to require proof from the new claimant, but the universal consent of mankind, with a seeming anomaly, favors the questioner. This mode of procedure is founded, probably, on the supposition that the rightful owner can have no difficulty in confirming his claim, and the dispute thus most easily set aside and ended. Though not rigidly logical, yet it is practically so, and less prolific of disputes, contentions, and injuries than the other would be. On this general sense of convenience the principle is founded and upheld. Many Catholics, even Catholic publicists and polemics are averse to this principle; and deem it the more prudent course to challenge their opponents to the proof. This gives the opponent the advantage of presumption—no slight advantage; and

the choice of selection, which dexterously used opens him a way of honorable retreat, at least, and causes no little annoyance and inconvenience to the asserter of truth. Much may be said for both methods without doubt, and in fact circumstances alone can determine the more prudent course in special cases. But the analogy of active life is no bad guide at worst, and this is almost universally in favor of the demand for proof from the oldest claimant—the one supposed capable of furnishing it with the greatest facility. Usually, too, in philosophic and theological treatises, more especially of modern composition, this is the formula in which the various theses are presented. The truth once established, the solution of difficulties and sophisms is more easy and more intelligible—consequences not to be despised if anything more than the debater's skill is looked to in such controversies.

There never was a dissension, religious, political, or otherwise, among men that has given rise to so much controversy as that originated by Luther. This is owing in a great measure, no doubt, to the art of printing, through which theological discussions formerly confined to seats of learning—universities, colleges, and monasteries—were brought within reach of the humblest citizen. Whether this is an advantage or disadvantage to the citizen it is not an object here to inquire or decide. But from the baronial hall to the mud cabin all places rang and ring with the discordant tones of controversy. Under such a ferment very naturally the exponents of either religious system could not but join issue. We have, in consequence, multitudinous volumes of polemics—attacks and rejoinders, answers and replies, accusations and countercharges, refutations and replications. Very little of that large collection contains anything distinctively and peculiarly of more worth than the ordinary ability of an educated man could at any time supply. There is certainly a great display of what is termed "the smartness of debate," but beyond this not much that will survive the corroding touch of time. Passing over innumerable others less known or less appreciated, among the most celebrated "discussions" are those of Purcell and Campbell, Hughes and Breckenridge, Maguire and Pope, Bossuet and Claude, Eck and Luther. It is generally now conceded, except by the most ardent and thoughtless partisans of Protestantism, that victory, if victory it might be termed, remained with the Catholic contestants. Private conferences and brochures, letters and essays, tracts and volumes on controverted doctrines abound in all the languages of modern Europe.

The literature of Protestantism, in so far as it can be said to have a characteristic literature at all, comprises very little that is not polemical. The best productions of the Protestant mind are rather political and historical than religious. This fact indicates the genius of the system. As men formulated it we naturally expect to find human considerations, modes of thought and interests predominant; our expectations are disappointed only as fanatical ebullitions originate some religious novelties destined to die when the first heats have cooled. It is not intended to deny that Protestantism has produced great men; or more exactly, that great men were Protestants. This is a fact unquestioned and unquestionable, for nothing intellectual can destroy nature's formations. No one, whose judgment or opinion would entitle him to the slightest consideration, would venture to withhold this appellation from such men as Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, and Locke. They had intellects of the first order, and as far as anything human can be said to be, their names and memories will be immortal, and are already graven on the

select catalogue of philosophers. Undoubted Protestants, yet it would be somewhat difficult, from what remains to us of their views and theories, to determine with accuracy to what sect they really adhered, and how far they embraced, *examined*, the tenets and teachings of Protestantism. Most assuredly their commanding and extraordinary talents were not devoted to either the defence or explication of their religious views, but given up entirely to the furtherance of general science—philosophy, intellectual, and physical, and astronomy. As far as they expressed themselves at all, it was rather in favor of Christianity or Christian morality in general than to uphold any particular set of tenets; Locke, perhaps, may be said to be anti-catholic to some extent, but Leibnitz was much more pro-catholic. The neo-philosophic school of Germany was never nearer to Protestantism than apathy could advance it; and of later years is decidedly and pronouncedly hostile, and therefore those leaders of infidel thought are excluded in this connection. It is somewhat unfortunate for Protestantism, in the reputable and educated world, that its gratitude and plaudits were never bestowed on its ablest exponents. They were, as men of enlarged and cultured minds usually are, free to a great extent from that malign spirit of oppressive intolerance which possesses small but restless minds. Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and Knox, among the "reformers" of the British isles, are the most highly honored, whilst Hales, Chillingworth, Usher, Taylor, and Tillotson hardly meet with the recognition from their religious partisans that is accorded them from without. This is putting a premium on zeal at the expense of ability, and setting passionate and irrational fervor over the head of calm, powerful logic and immense erudition. As long as man is man there will be found candidates for honors of whatever kind. Intense hatred of Catholicity has hitherto been accounted the chief indication of Protestant orthodoxy. It is not a thing to be wondered at, then, that all sorts of subterfuges and ingenious politics have been employed, in order to manifest this hatred, and so gain the rewards. Rumors of conspiracies without end, charges of immoral practices, idolatrous rites, despotic designs, and that "chiefest bosomed smell," premeditated lying, abound *ad nauseam*. From the Centuriators of Magdeburg to Gladstone, from Philip Melanchthon to Maria Monk, the tortuous genesis of calumny has wound its meandering stream.

It is a study well worthy of the historical philosopher to examine and collect the broken, if not "rusty," tools, and mutilated harnesses of Protestantism as they lay scattered and abandoned on every battle-field of polemic warfare. One thing the upholders of the "reformed doctrines" must be credited with; they never used an implement found on trial defective or inefficient, but were ever ready and crafty enough to forge new weapons, and introduce new strategy. Some, perhaps, will incline to term this an evidence of weakness; and the writer will not pause to dispute their inclination. No doubt the critical survey of this vast field of historical investigation is laborious, and would in all probability but illy recompense the thought and time expended; yet, without some such examination, the history of Europe, in its political divisions, its peace-treaties, its battles, its policies, and even in its literature, subsequent to its religious disruption, must remain, as it is in a great measure, a conundrum, and a fertile subject for political romancers. Used by the experienced historical critic, this is the master-key with which he could unlock and truly hold up to view the cabinet secrets, the spy systems, the political crimes and intrigues,

the assassinations and judicial murders, the rebellions and uprisings of the people, and in a word, all the turbulent elements, engines, and agencies that were brought successively into requisition by governments and parties. To illustrate more fully what is meant, let us select from among many such, one example, the more especially as its baseness is now acknowledged on all sides. The wickedness of Titus Oates would be phenomenal even in the lowest rank of criminal humanity, if we could trace its connections no further than the person of the base wretch who perpetrated it. Furthermore, without such connections it would be impossible in any civilized or even any savage land, where the most elementary notions of natural justice prevailed. The success of his perjury discloses in the clearest light, and far beyond what diaries or annals contain, what was the actual state of popular feelings at that time in England—burning hatred and dread of "popery," artificially fanned by the intriguing Shaftesbury, and his "brisk boys;" and sated thus by the blood of innocent victims. When the Stuart family were exiled, and the Prince of Orange and his consort reigning on the throne of the unwise James II, the same policy was attempted, but without other result than that of bringing contempt and incarceration on its authors. Leave Titus Oates out of this section of English history, and we are puzzled why the house of Stuart fell so fast; his strange, wicked, and gaunt figure must be conjured up in order to understand the feelings of the people, and the machinations of the politicians.

It certainly would be unjust as well as impolitic, though it is customary so to do, to reproach any party with the misdemeanors and injustices of past generations, whose perfidiousness is openly disclaimed. But when the same policy is pursued, albeit, through other channels, it cannot be deemed imprudent nor recriminatory, when no recrimination is intended, to institute a comparison between a special period of the past and the present time; for it may conduce to shake the confidence of some in the methods they have devised, and by which they ardently hope to demolish the Catholic Church—vain hope. Experience is supposed to teach wisdom, and does so; but her schoolroom is left in almost unbroken silence and utter solitude, whilst her rival novelty waves her giddy wand above the heads of eager millions. Hence crimes and follies are reiterated, errors revived, nations relapse into exploded politics, and thus is history made to repeat itself.

Almost a century had to drag its slow length along ere the spirit of Protestantism showed its ungloved hand. It found the world Catholic in thought as well as in worship and habits. No easy task it had set before itself; and it would have proved a fruitless effort to attempt to sweep away those barriers to its advancement, did not treason and apostasy in the Catholic ranks add millions to its cohorts. But why was this? Many causes concurred to bring about the result. Petty kings and chieftains sought independence; needy barons beheld with greedy eye the rich abbey lands; wicked priests winced under vows they abhorred, but dared not openly violate, and multitudes of ignorant people, incensed through national hatred, intemperate declamations, and false rumors, followed this evil leadership of ambitious princes, covetous barons, and lustful priests; the old story of the blind leading the blind. Once a party was formed, of course apologists and defenders were found. The object the writer has in penning these lines is to contrast the first defence and aggression with those of the present time, and to narrate as far as limited space and more lim-

ited ability will allow, some of the changes that time and circumstances have wrought. Luther was not slow in producing a justification of his conduct in heading the revolt. Others followed in the road of exculpation and vindication, but Melanchthon may be said to be the master-spirit of Protestant apologetics, and to have embodied in his writings all that logic, knowledge, and talent could effect in the interest of Protestantism. More temperate than his leader, Luther, more learned than his associates, we consequently seek in his writings all the inherent veracity, argumentative strength, and imposing probabilities of his cause. He transmitted to the generations of his followers and disciples a well-filled armory of offensive and defensive weapons, chiefly, however, of the former, which they have neither forgotten how to wield nor failed to add to in the intervening ages. The reader need not startle under the impression that he is about to be brought face to face with the bristling array—"serried shields in thick array of depth immeasurable." That armory has been thrown open before many times by abler and far more efficient hands.

Among those who devoted their abilities to a refutation of the errors propagated in the sixteenth century, and who, by learning and success in the arduous undertaking, earned the applause of their contemporaries and the gratitude of succeeding centuries, the great Cardinal Bellarmine stands deservedly at the head, Bossuet, indeed, alone approaches him; and by some, especially of the English nation, is looked on as the prince and chief of Catholic polemics. This latter estimate is no doubt founded on the fact of his having pursued a mode of argumentation more nearly according with that of the Anglican divines, together with the hatred of Jesuits, of which society Bellarmine was a distinguished member. Without instituting any comparison between the learned cardinal and eloquent bishop, the writer regards, and he thinks not without reason, the opponent of James I, Matheus Tortas, Bellarmine's *nom de plume*, as the Martel of the "Reformation." Not alone in its irreligious effects, but in its cause and principles, he demonstrates with irresistible lucidity and logical force, part by part, its radical fallacy and hollowness. The "redoubted champion," as Hallam names him, he hesitated not to engage a royal theologian or one of plebeian origin. It is not to be wondered at that James should commission his ambassador at the Hague to engage the services of "some smart Jesuit with a quick and nimble spirit, to bestow a few lines against the atheisms of the wretch" (Vorstius). —Vide Lingard, *History of England*, chap. 2, James, A. D. 1619.

"Deus bone, quam misera conditio est sub eo rege vivere, qui injuriam sibi fieri judicat, si quis ab ejus exemplo scribere discat." "Good God! what wretchedness to live under this king, who regards it as an injury to him that others should follow the example of writing (treatises) which he himself set!" exclaims the cardinal in his *Apologia*, chap. v, or rather refutation of the kingly book, entitled *Triplici Nodo Triplex Cuneus*. Truly miserable, indeed, was the condition of Catholics under this silly royal pedant—the sordid, selfish, and unworthy son of Mary Stuart. He doubtless felt himself crushed by the gigantic grasp of this heaven-born prince, whose patent of nobility kings could neither bestow nor cancel. Jesuits are (falsely and groundlessly) supposed inimical to popular liberties and rights; yet it would be difficult to cite from any respectable authority, or the writings of any moderate and liberty-loving divine of any school whatsoever, an expression so contemptuous for folly and absurdity in high places. Bellarmine has no hesitation, as he should have none, in placing his own holy

office and noble rank, in spiritual concerns, far above that of the "anointed king."

For the benefit of those, a growing nuisance, who attribute so much virtue to family and genealogical relations, the light in which such matters appeared to this great and profound theologian, might with propriety and in edification be set forth. James forgot not, as royalty and nobility seldom forget, to remind Bellarmine of the obscurity of his birth, and in consequence the magnitude of the presumption that could raise him up to contend with a personage by birth and by position his "dread lord." "I am," says James, "praeter regis majestatem esse puto, ut in lite, ac certamine cardinali se componat, saltem cum eo cardinali, qui non felicius ac illustrious quam iste natus." "I think it beneath the majesty of a king to enter the lists with a cardinal, much more with one whose parentage was neither noble nor splendid."—Ib., cap. 4. To which the Cardinal makes reply thus: "Fatetur Bellarminus parentes suos homines privatos, sed honestos et probos fuisse." "Bellarmine does not deny that his parents were humble, but they were upright and honest." A herald's college could not have devised a nobler pedigree, and none but the sickly *protêgés* of sudden good fortune would desire any other.

Withal, this hard-headed logician and master of dialects could make a shrewd point by a witticism. As to the title of James's book, in his first reply he write: "Sed qui cuneos ad scindendos nodos tres adhibere curavit, hoc uno maxime pecasse videtur, quod non recte cuneos ad nodos applicuit," which might be freely rendered: "This last Alexander did not know how to use his blade." Another still more celebrated, and usually credited to Dryden, belongs totally to Bellarmine: "Mirum est autem valde, quod rex *reformationem* religionis, ac non potius *deformationem* appellet." Ap., Id., cap. 1. The "basilicon doron" is shown by the cardinal to be a very poor gift, indeed, if not positively a "basilicon kakon." He was not a man to stumble over words nor call things by other than their proper names. He called a lie a lie—mendacium—and not a misrepresentation; an error with him was an "error," and not a misconception. This may seem harshness or rudeness to affected fastidiousness, or "ears polite," but uprightness and frankness were not then discarded virtues.

In the little "tractatus" whose title is affixed to this paper, he enumerates six errors and sixty-seven lies as found in the Book of Concordance issued by the Lutheran doctors. With errors in doctrinal matters there is no further trouble, as no doctrine is now considered necessary to the attainment of salvation by those without the Church; a few old-fashioned people alone excepted. The apostolic symbol itself is now counted among the literary webs of "monkish" fancy and contrivance. Advancing years sharpened the "vision" of the descendants of the "reformed" so much that they are able to discover superstitions and corruptions where their ancestors saw nothing but divine truth; and hence the newly illuminated have made a more thorough purgation; and are thereby enabled to hold up to the admiring gaze of those who "liked not to have God in their knowledge" a *carte blanche*. But what they have lost or thrown away in doctrine seems to have sharpened their powers of imputation. What Bellarmine so summarily terms "mendacia" are false charges trumped up against the Catholic Church. This was and is the dominant policy, though in its earlier stages of development it was somewhat clogged by trying to bear with it a specific set of tenets. The "ordeal of fire" through which Protestantism had to pass brought wisdom,

and in consequence it multiplies its fertile growth, and "by disburdening grows more fertile."

The extreme partisan shape into which politics were moulded in the English-speaking world entered largely into the disintegration, and afforded a model by which to frame the policy. It would not be either untruthful or extravagant to assert that the absence of doctrinal religion is nowhere more general or conspicuous than among the Protestant populace of England, her colonies still dependent on her, and those that, though separated and independent of her legislation, still retain, in a great measure, her political institutions. The philosophic sect of Germany alone equals them in this. Such a result is a logical sequence. Men will not always, and never in communities, reason themselves out of a religious belief. But when religion is grounded on State expediency, and adapted by the framing hands to existing civic demands, of necessity it will vary with the fluctuations of the political current. The history of religion in England since the days of Henry VIII is true to this rule. Without regarding the frequent transitions that occurred under the reigns of the immediate descendants of Henry, which are shameful and selfish in the extreme, let us look later on when better things were to be expected, if Protestantism had in it anything conscientious. Under James I, and his son, Charles I, the episcopal form matured; for both held tenaciously the "divine right" of kings. The school of Laud, whose leading feature and special trait was the doctrine of "passive obedience," was as naturally a corollary of this royal prerogative as the "thorough" polity of Strafford. Then came the Commonwealth, and with it Presbyterianism and Puritanism, as either party temporarily prevailed. On the restoration of Charles II, Anglicanism returned to its customary haunts. The Revolution confirmed the State religion, which has remained unshaken during a period of almost two centuries. But the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland, under more liberal and enlightened statesmanship, is ominous of its downfall in England once again.

Where liberty of conscience is equally and impartially secured to all, at least in theory, and to some extent in practice also, we see men without scruple and without hesitation by thousands abandoning Protestantism, or embracing and selecting sect after sect, merely on social considerations. There are no political restraints or disqualifications, and hence those consequences. Where Protestantism is not political, it aims at seizing social or fashionable domination. To sustain itself, some temporal monopoly is indispensable. It is evident to any one, who has taken the trouble to observe, that our republican Episcopalianism tries to be the "politest," our Presbyterianism to be the "most learned," and our Methodism, with its vulgar tastes and ambitions, to do the "biggest things."

All those sects teaching nothing, or having nothing to teach, are yet actuated by jealousy and hatred against the Catholic Church, whose primary mission is to teach, and then to sanctify. In that olden time of the "reformers," the charges fabricated against the Church were chiefly in relation to doctrine; now they are charges of political ambition and persistent designs to rob people of their liberty. That tender Philip (Philippus humanissimus), as Bellarmine styles him, inveighed against the innovation of "private masses," but with an impudence which the simplest of his followers would not now be guilty of, named the innovator Gregory the Great (*Mend.* 19). To this the cardinal opposes an instance of a "private mass" that was celebrated in the days of St. Augustine nearly two hundred years before

the age of Gregory, and cites St. Augustine himself as authority (lib. 22, *de Civ. Dei*, cap. 8). It is not, however, a subject for surprise that the leaders of Protestant thought make no such charge now, as few, if any of them, could tell what the "mass" is beyond what the lexicographer defines it: "*The Roman Catholic rite at the Eucharist or Communion.*" There are other innovations, indeed, against which they declaim with equal vehemence, and in a more mendacious strain, if possible. Hostility to the present system of public schools is an "innovation;" and it could not be well otherwise, as the system itself is of pretty modern compilation. A few years ago it was a more inviting theme, for the Catholic Church had then very few parochial schools or other institutions of learning within the echo of the English tongue. That ignorance was the mainstay of "priestcraft" seemed not then an improbable statement to ring out from a thousand pulpits to ears itching for items of "popish infamy." The zeal of the Catholic priesthood in the cause of Catholic education, and the sacrifices they make in support of their church schools, are rather stern and obtrusive facts that will not vanish at the bidding of bigot or zealot. The very contrary is in some instances asserted now, "the Catholics will soon control education." The progress and success of Catholic educational institutes clothe, as with a mist, the imagination of each fervid pulpit orator who has to depend on novel sensations to sustain him. "Hands off!" they cry; "the destiny of this republic is interwoven with the stability of our free school system." The utterance of such an assertion presupposes an audience both profoundly ignorant of their country's history, and not advanced in years. Old men, learned or unlearned, unless their memories be abnormally treacherous, must remember as prosperous a state of things and a much more moral nation ere they heard of free schools. Many, no doubt, hearing or reading such an assertion, swell with indignation at the presumption of those miscreants who lay unholy hands on what they are led to believe the main pillar of liberty's temple. When the great Washington declared that his hopes for the continuance and existence of the republic were grounded on a religious and moral people, he hardly meant a free-school no-religion and a one-day-in-seven morality. This oversight of his is attributable to the fact that his school-boy days were not passed within the hallowed precincts of a public school. Had his good angel drawn aside the veil that shut out the coming century from his gaze, and touching with the live coal of prophetic vision his dimming orbs pointed to the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six, when the glorious country he had called into existence had completed its centennial cycle, what would have been the feelings and what the thoughts of the noble "*pater patriæ?*" He would have seen the population multiplied tenfold, wealth increased a thousand fold, the vast wilderness of the West reclaimed, and mapped off into flourishing and populous commonwealths; but he would behold in conjunction the increased multitudes, in great part, irreligious and immoral, fast losing the principles and traditional manners of their ancestors, yielding to the spirit of change, and substituting for religion and morality a superficial knowledge of reading and writing. The prospect would not have been bright or encouraging.

Another section of this false charge is, that Catholics seek to exclude the Bible from the schools, because of their enmity to the "pure gospel." The expression, "pure gospel," in the mouths of the enemies of the Catholic Church was in vogue in Bellarmine's day—"puram evangelii doctrinam" (*Mend.* 24)—and

has as yet lost none of its unction through ceaseless repetition. This is a mere "slogan" to divert the main issue. Catholics, indeed, would be worse than senseless, if their objections were confined to the reading of a chapter of the Bible, no matter how corrupt the version chosen, in the school-room, whilst the text-books used, studied, and constantly in the hands of their children, are infinitely more distinctively Protestant in tone and idiom. To demonstrate this, let us assume that the passage, "This is my body," occurs in the Bible lesson of the morning, and that in the afternoon the child reads the story of the "blind preacher," where the communion-service of Protestantism is set forth in rapturous terms. The childish mind, if it retains any impression at all, will not readily discover that these words of the Bible lesson mean "this is not my body, but its symbol," whereas in the reading lesson it will have the Protestant doctrine in full to swallow, in the words "mystic symbol." The series of books prescribed by statute law in some of the States is apparently prepared for proselytizing purposes. In those books, Protestantism is a fact supposed accepted of all, and its genius and peculiarities are portrayed as if unquestioned; in the Bible it is at best a theory that takes shape by connecting certain passages unconnected in the text, but requiring some ingenuity to discover, which feat the mind of the pupil is not prepared to perform. This much only to demonstrate that the cry "the Bible in danger," is one of the misrepresentations of our time which Bellarmine would call by its true name—*mendacium*. The true reason of Catholic hostility to State education has its origin in other and far higher grounds. The issue cannot be decided by interposing the Bible, as did the crafty Amru the Koran in the struggle between Ali and Moawiyah, thus transferring by a ruse the Kaliphate. Catholics have far more reverence for the Bible than any sect or all the sects together; but their reverence is of the sacred kind, and does not evaporate in the noisy wriggles of declamation or blatant demagoguery. Its lessons impressed on the heart, and not its words on the lips; its spirit, and not its dead letter, commands and receives Catholic homage. It hardly admits of doubt that, ere this nineteenth century will have run to its close, those sects that now take issue with the Catholic Church on the school question will be as zealous and ardent in their advocacy of the parochial system as they are now violently hostile to it. They may not acknowledge their past error; this would be too much to expect from such a multitude of infallible institutions, but they will act as if they never erred in the matter at all. Their very existence will soon depend entirely on a reversed movement. Secret associations and the practical infidelity of the free school is fast gnawing away their vitals and decimating daily their ranks. They will soon learn, though they will never cordially co-operate, that the endeavors of the Catholic Church are in the cause of universal Christianity, and that any defeat she may have to accept will be a deathblow to some Christian interest. If the awakening comes ere the "prince of darkness" has massed his forces, it will be well; but if the daytime and season for work is allowed to pass, the inevitable night will follow.

Seeing that the Protestant world considers the Catholic Church too much occupied in teaching religious truths to the young, it will be curious, if of no higher utility, to contrast the early with the present charge. "Apud adversarios (Catholicos) nulla prorsus est 'catechesis' puerorum." (*Mend.* 46.) "The Catholics do not instruct their children in the Catechism." How has it come to pass that the very contradicting of

this calumny is now the favorite expression? The interest of the first separatists required, on account of the religious bias of public opinion, that they should exhibit, if practicable, more fervor and zeal for Christian doctrines and morals than was found among the Catholic clergy. Now the world has so far forgotten religion that it estimates more highly the crudest materialism than either Christian doctrine or morality; and hence the charge would not elicit the requisite odium, but much more remove the "priest-ridden stigma" which it pleases the enemies of the Catholic Church now to endeavor to stamp on the Catholic laity. Catechetical instructions do not accord well with "free religion," which means, taken in its fullest acceptance, no religion. It is not possible that any sane person, possessing the ordinary rational powers of man, and exercising them, can believe that generations untaught in youth, whilst the mind is susceptible and the passions dormant, will, when age has strengthened and aroused those passions, and worldly pursuits taken possession of the mind and affections, select, from the almost countless forms of Christianity found in the world, the form containing most truth, if any at all is chosen, and not that form which is likely to be most lucrative, or that which holds out the greatest social advantages, or some other temporal considerations of a like kind. In such cases it is not religion that is free, but the man is unprincipled and selfish.

This is a sonorous phrase in the mouth of the demagogue: "Free speech, free school, and free religion." But it is the merest clap-trap in reality. Neither speech, nor school, nor religion is free, but in so far as the prevailing majority wish to recognize their freedom. If the age were ripe for philosophizing, we might note that absolute coexistent freedom for all three is incompatible. "Free speech" is bounded on one side by the "free school," on whose sacred territory it must not infringe; and if it should inadvertently so do, or believing and acting on its proclaimed freedom, should venture boldly in, it will be very soon undeceived by the howl of indignation that will greet its advance. "Free speech" is bounded on the other side by "free religion," or the Bible in the public schools, steamboats, hotels, etc. If "free speech" should attempt to arraign this dissemination of the Scriptures, it is no longer "free" but "atheistic," "papistic," or "materialistic," and therefore not to be tolerated in this "enlightened land." "Free speech" may protest, but Young Men's Christian Associations will donate their Bibles, and thrust their tracts into our hands in the cause of "free religion," and Catholics and others will be persecuted socially and politically, because they do not admire the precepts of iron-ribbed "free religion." This is restraint number two to "free speech," which might be multiplied indefinitely.

When will the world discover that what is unjust can never be free in the rational sense of the term? Justice is a natural right; civil freedom only a social compact. Every compact that infringes justice is void in law, in equity, in morality, in reason, and in religion; and therefore freedom being a compact, if it should in any of its enactments include an injustice, is in so much a violation, and consequently an oppression, and hence not freedom but tyranny under a pseudonym. Liberty is founded on natural justice. The key-note of the "Declaration of Independence," "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," declares this a self-evident principle. The man who penned those grand words was too much of a philosopher to entertain the fallacy that men are free from the womb, or free at any time to com-

mit a crime or inflict an injury, or that men are equal in strength, in stature, or intellect. What then do these words mean? Evidently that the birthright of all men is impartial justice at all times, and under all circumstances, or as another great political philosopher has more accurately expressed it, Edmund Burke, "Men have equal rights but not to equal things," *i. e., sua cuique.* They mean this or they mean nothing. If liberty then be founded on justice, which cannot be questioned, any infringement of justice is a detriment to liberty, no matter under what pretext the infringement is committed. The "common good," or necessity, "the tyrant's plea," is, as we find it manipulated by modern statesmen, a large and many plicated cloak invented by statecraft to hide its oppressions.

The theory of a State organization, that has countenance from politicians now, is something of an absurdity. They premise that a certain number of men met and agreed among themselves to form a commonwealth for mutual protection of interests, and having done this, the parties, leaving their shadows in the assembly-room to support the written contract, named a constitution (of shadows?), withdrew, and returning singly, declared themselves made for and from their shadows, and not their shadows made for or from them. From this hypothesis alone can it be deduced that the citizen is made for the State, and not the State for the citizen, and by him, too. This lifting up of scribbled parchments over the heads of men may be termed at once republican oppression and legal idolatry—the insanity of the current century.

Let us have, then, just rights of speech, if we are to have the gift at all, for the Indian in his solitary forest-chase can have the freest of "free speech;" let us have just rights of school, which neither teachers, books, majorities, trustees, nor politicians can violate or destroy at the demand of their constituents; let us have just rights of religion, which cannot be denied in public institutions by spectacled matrons lifting their graceful arms in horror at the mention of some kinds of religion, or crushed out by kidnapping charities, or signed away to sects favored by the incumbents of the "White House," or legislated against in Congress or out of it, or interfered with in any way by law, or lawmakers, or law-breakers, or community, or clique, or individual in public or private capacity. When these things are guaranteed, we will then have truly "free speech," but not to slander, misrepresent, or injure others entitled to like privilege and right. "Free school," where each will find his conscience respected and not outraged, as now, by villanous history and reading-lessons; where there will be no frowning by the teacher, nor calling idolaters; where the parents can dictate what shall and what shall not be taught the child; where taxpayers will have the right to say how their money must be employed; where ignorant politicians will not have the monopoly of appointing teachers more ignorant than themselves, because of favoring partisanship; where the object is solely education and not proselytism, but such education as the parents will approve, and "free religion" which will be no hindrance in business relations, no disqualification for official life, no mark for the dagger of the dark-lantern assassin or fuel for his midnight brand.

It is a thing remarkable that it never entered into a legislator's head to conceive there may be some other concerns besides religion beyond the competency of legislation. This is all the more wonderful in the case of education, as it has so close an affinity to religion. Both are intellectual to a certain extent, and both have a practical or outward expression. No one who regards commu-

nal life as the proper state of civilized man, will account it wrong, or a usurped exercise of power in the legislative body to limit this outward expression and define the lowest form of it tolerable. While the constitutional amendment, "Congress shall make no law respecting a religious establishment or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," deprives the supreme legislative body of all right and pretence for interfering with the formularies and creeds held by any body of the people, it by no means removes the power of regulating the morals of the people, inasmuch as they find outward manifestation in the intercourse and complications of daily life. On the contrary, this is the chief office set before them to perform. That is, in other words, whilst intellectual religion is beyond the law and lawgiver, practical religion so far as it guides man in his relations with his fellow-man is not. It is manifest that where this principle is exercised among people differing to some extent even in their morality, if justice would be done all, the only standard of morals that can be set up authoritatively is such as all participate by nature. Any departure from this will be oppressive and injurious to a greater or lesser portion of the citizens. Hence as little legislation as practicable is the touchstone of justice in commonwealths composed of all classes.

By what principle of ethics, or philosophy, or revelation, or nature is one sort of intellectual culture free, and another very near akin to it not free from the grasp and moulding hand of the legislator? Clearly there is none, unless we wish to hold a theory of things as unnatural and irreligious as it is debasing. Interference in one phase of intellection and non-interference in another presuppose that man may, without reproach or degradation, be mad, or foolish, or absurd in a part of his intellectual concepts and notions, provided he has imbibed by force or fantasy another set. This is to put "the cap and bells" on religion for the amusement of education; or to incase education in a steel-waist that religion may grin at it through the bars. Partisans of either cause may applaud as they deem themselves privileged and indorsed by the contrast; but lovers of both behold the enslavement of the one and the mutual antagonism sought to be aroused with indignation, shame, and regret as they consider the political, social, and religious consequences. Educational legislation will never be satisfactory, at least in this republic, until the same policy of non-interference, or something approaching it, is adopted as that regarding religion. The State has a right to insist on intelligent citizenship, just the same that it has to insist on moral citizenship, but it has no more right to frame intelligence than it has to frame morals. It has erected a moral standard and is done with religion; let it likewise erect an intelligent standard and be done with education. True political wisdom never ignores justice; and statesmanship founded on any other principle will and must inevitably involve any land in all the horrors and miseries of civil anarchy and social confusion.

Whilst the writer is not one that believes the mere acquirement of reading and writing bestows intelligence, he cannot conceal from himself the fact that intelligence, in society as it is now composed and ordered, can never assert its full and native pre-eminence without these adjuncts. Who has not seen the man of "the pen and ink-horn" starve, whilst his unlettered neighbor wallowed in riches? Among the most erratic men of the day are the highly educated; whilst among the soberest, thriftiest, and most moral are the illiterate. This only and simply proves that education may or may not develop civil intel-

ligence; and is in itself only a means, and not an over-certain means, to this end.

The last comparison we shall institute has no discrepancy, except in the increased virulence, with its antitype. "Cultus sanctorum plenus est apud eos manifesta idololatria." (*Mend.* 67.) "The Catholics make gods of their saints," wrote Philip Melanchthon centuries ago; and though the fact was then disclaimed, and has been since contradicted through every medium and channel of human thought—in books and pamphlets, in magazines and newspapers, from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the platform, amid social converse and private confidences—in much the same solemn words; it yet holds its ground, and gains credence generation after generation. "At nos sentimus corde, et voce asserimus sanctos nonesse Deos sed creaturas eximias." (Ib.) We heartily believe, writes Bellarmine in reply, and openly profess that the saints have nothing divine in their nature, but are purely creatures. The Protestant world very probably deludes itself after the fashion of the man of the "imaginary conflict," Dr. Draper. He undertook to sustain in a book that the Catholic Church was, in its teachings and spirit, in avowed conflict with science. It was not to be expected, even after he perceived how groundless were his imaginings, that he would acknowledge himself betrayed by the glitter of the enterprise. Failing to find a *wooden god* in the decrees of the Vatican Council, he bethought him of his English nursery rhymes. Half in sorrow at his disappointment, and half in blasphemy because of the loss of a decidedly scientific hit, he belches forth the following grandiose paragraph: "(1) One of the most striking and yet contradictory features of the Dogmatic Constitution, is the reluctant homage it pays to the intelligence of man. It presents a definition of the philosophic basis of Catholicity; (2) but it veils from view the repulsive features of the vulgar faith. It sets forth the attributes of God, the Creator of all things, in words fitly designating its (their?) sublime conception; (3) but it abstains from affirming that this most awful and eternal Being was born of an earthly mother, (4) the wife of a Jewish carpenter, (5) who has since become the queen of heaven. (6) The God it depicts is not the God of the middle ages, seated on his golden throne, surrounded by choirs of angels, (7) but the God of philosophy. (8) The constitution has nothing to say about the Trinity; (9) nothing of the worship due to the Virgin; (10) on the contrary, that is by implication condemned; nothing about transubstantiation, (11) or the making of the flesh and blood of God by the priest; nothing of the invocation of the saints. (12) It bears on its face subordination to the thought of the age, the impress of the intellectual progress of man." (*Conflict between Religion and Science*, chap. xii.) Here are the most impartial sentences regarding Catholicity the book contains; and yet hard as it may be for a lover of Nature, but no ally of truth, to digest, these few words contain at the very lowest, twelve, as marked above, misrepresentations—lies wilful or ignorant. It would be both a fruitless and endless labor to recount the false imputations, the slanderous insinuations, the open blasphemies, and the textual perfidy of even such a moderate volume as the one from which this extract has been copied. The writer must have, some way or other, a confused notion that the fable-book with which he was familiar, no doubt, "in childhood's happy hours"—that pocket-companion of incipient British philosophers, *Whittington and his Cat*—is a kind of transcript of the doctrinal symbolism of the Catholic Church. It might be worth the time and little

mental exertion it would cost so distinguished a philosopher to search further into the doctrines of the Church. It may hap that he would find the creed of philosophy, the sacraments of philosophy, the worship of philosophy, and the grace of philosophy, in contradistinction to the corresponding vulgarities; since it appears from Dr. Draper's own words that the Catholic Church has a double system of things. If he could only bring himself to condescend to take a look into a certain worm eaten volume, generally known as the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas—a relic of mediæval superstition—he would find a *very slight* "impress of the intellectual progress of man." Of course it could never enter the truth-loving mind of the materialistic professor that the "vulgar faith" was a thing of his own invention, having no existence in fact, and only the abortive child of deepseated prejudice. Poor benighted Catholics, however, with their usual pertinacity, will not allow it a higher existence.

When men of education and some aspirations to learning are capable of calumny so gross, what is to be expected from those who never had the opportunity, even if they had the will, and who, if they had the opportunity, had not the necessary qualifications to investigate a single doctrine of the Catholic Church? No slander is too palpable for their credulity. The terror of priestly horns is only to be removed by personal contact in some regions of this "educated land," and in this last quarter of nineteenth century luminosity. Unhappily for the naturally good, but excessively credulous souls, embodied proof of other matters cannot be made to walk or be borne on horseback to their doors. The consequence is they go down to their graves in mortal dread, and swearing vengeance on Catholic bugaboos of all shapes and hideous aspects.

"The superstitions and corruptions of the Romish Church" is a high-sounding, unctuous phrase, and its resonance in the meeting-house is the well-known signal for mute attention. Outside this Church there is no superstition or corruption of any kind. Lucky and unlucky days, self-conceited visions, foreboding dreams, "sortes bibliæ," with key or finger-nail, ill-favored visages, domestic movements, animal peculiarities, visits of birds, patronage of strolling gypsy impostors, and the countless other forms of prognosticating the future, believed in so confidently and practiced so frequently by the enlightened votaries of Protestantism, are not of course at all superstitious. They are conceits, if you will, but the children of the "pure gospel" are never superstitious; "but became vain in their own thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened."

The fact of so large a portion of the human race continuing to credit calumnies spread abroad of the Catholic Church, is one of the strongest arguments that can be advanced to combat the proposition. "There is in man an innate love of truth." Whilst it cannot be questioned that no one loves the liar as a liar, it is very questionable if the aid that is contributed by the lie is not often accepted without too rigid a scrutiny. This is deplorable at all times, and to be deprecated as wicked; for as the catechism has it, "a lie is always sinful and bad in itself." The enemy of God is also the enemy of all truth. Satan is the chief enemy of God, and the "father of lies." This is his characteristic, "a liar from the beginning." Protestants are very acute-sighted in discovering the "marks of the beast;" but there are "marks of a fallen angel" nearer home which they never discover. Any cause that has to support itself by a lie or a number of them, cannot be of God, for he is essential truth.

"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan."

There is a large sincere class of non-Catholics, not overburdened with intelligence, but simple to a fault, who are not conscious of the injustice they lend countenance to, in receiving with too great but ignorant alacrity the malicious concoctions of their leaders. A remedy for this evil man cannot provide, since his best exertions will always be thwarted by the interested guile of man. That the Catholic Church will have to run her course on earth harassed by those wily tactics is not to be doubted; and is, indeed, a calculation in the divine economy; for she, like her Founder, "is set up for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted." Luke ch. ii, v. 34. Her office in perpetuity is to bring home to every generation of every race, not the facts alone, but the very spirit of the Redemption; thus exemplifying age after age the goodness, the patience, and the benignity of God; the perfidy and ingratitude of man.

Unless the Catholic Church were the living earthly expression of Christ, it could not be the church he established, and it could not be such an expression without enfolding the Judas as well as the John; exciting the "Crucify him," as well as "Hosannah to the Son of David," or without experiencing the "bloody sweat" as well as the "transfiguration." Glancing back over the path she has furrowed out through the centuries, leaving behind her on either hand, as memorials of her progress, monastic institutions, dismantled and despoiled; martyrs' tombs, violated and overthrown, "yet faithful how they stand, their glory withered;" mausolea of forgotten dynasties, still holding in silent embrace the ashes that she blessed; shrines that she sanctified long since, by rapaciousness desecrated and denuded; generations that she laid in consecrated clay under the shadow of the cross, trophies of her victory over Pagan gods; chains that men forged to bind her limbs; coverts where she eluded the persecutor's eye, and palaces where she chanted her Te Deums in the sunshine of recovered liberty,—we cannot but feel the presence of a higher wisdom, thus signally having proved itself in the past, which human ingenuity or subtlety can never evade or exhaust.

"SIC FACIENTEM."

A soul's sad cry:
"Wearily toiling on my path of prayer,
Where is thy loving help, my God, oh, where?
'The well is dry!' *

"Not one good thought,
Not one clear streak of light, as day by day
I strive to follow thee, along the way
Thy saints have taught.

"Oh, pain untold!
How I have longed for one sweet contrite tear,
One throb of love—one sting of wholesome fear!
But all is cold.

"Still, as I try
To catch the genial rays, the sharp frost nips:
Oh, for the faintest smile from those dear lips,
From that dear eye!

"And yet I know
That kneeling, knocking at the gate of prayer,
Each morning still shall find me waiting there:
I will not go!"

Oh, soul, be brave:
The dew will one day fall on thy poor flowers;
The store of all those patient, weary hours
Thy Lord doth save.

Locked in his care,
And gathered 'mid his pearls of costly price,
The treasures of our home in Paradise,
Thy prayers are there.

There, too, thy tears:
Those tears of sorrow thou wouldst fain have shed,
Though all within seemed dry, and cold, and dead,
These many years.

Thus learn to live,
Live, toil, and wait; aye, *waiting* is the task
Thy Lord hath laid on thee; and shall *He* ask,
And *thou* not give?

O Love Divine
Working or waiting here for thy dear sake,
Our courage shall not faint, nor spirit break,
For we are thine!

* St. Teresa.

STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

Chapter Seventh.

TARES AND COCKLE.

As Adele was passing the library the next morning, Mr. Lyman called her in, deeming it best to tell her the result of his conversation with Angelo the previous evening. He assured her that his rejection of the young man's suit was given solely in interest of her future welfare, trusting that her good common sense would see the wisdom of the act, and that she would not allow a girlish, romantic sentiment to mar the happiness of a life. He proved to her the limited and unprofitable resources of an American artist, especially so in the case of Angelo Leland, who was so wedded to his art, so absorbed in his theories of a divine mission, that he could never be led by ulterior motives to resist the impulse of his genius, or profane his true calling, by sullying his hands with more practical work.

Adele was deeply moved. Now that the prospect of separation became apparent, she realized how strong a hold he had upon her affections, and for the moment she felt brave enough to share any fate with him.

"But, uncle," she at length said, through her tears, "I have heard you express great admiration for this gift, and admit that Mr. Beard was a rising man, and his prospects of both fame and fortune excellent."

"That is true, Adele; I do believe the talent desirable when it can be used as a source of combined pleasure and profit. But when it unfits a man for all the practical and utilitarian details of life, then it is apt to prove more of a curse than a blessing. The paradise of the old school exists no longer. With the last of the old masters, those gates were closed forever."

"Man liveth not by bread alone," murmured Adele.

Mr. Lyman smiled, and continued: "Mr. Beard will succeed, because the bent of his genius follows the taste of the age. He is pre-eminently domestic and republican, and paints for the homes and hearts of the people more than for his own idealizations. Look, now, at that picture over the mantel. See the life that is in those two rough-looking men, playing cards on top of a whisky barrel. It is thoroughly comprehensive, and can be appreciated at a glance by the most uncultivated taste. Now, Mr. Leland's pictures, though infinitely more elevated in tone and finer in finish, are yet dormant in influence, because they are beyond either the classical knowledge or ideality of the majority of observers. Neither of you, with your tastes and habits, are fit to cope with poverty. In a few months love would take refuge in common sense, and something more substantial than its shadow would then be needed for happiness. So, now, Adele, be a good, sensible girl, and give up this fancy, and we'll soon find another quite as well deserving of your affections."

Drawing on his gloves, and kissing her tearful face, he left her to meditate on this new phase in her theory of life's perfect bliss.

In accepting thus tacitly the dictum of Mr. Lyman, neither thought of submitting unreservedly to it. Both were willing to wait for the developmeut of circumstances, that might either remove his objections, or gain for them the privilege and opportunity of realizing their own desires. As there is nothing like

opposition for strengthening and maturing a woman's fancy, so this seeming tyrannical usurpation of authority only gave incentive to Adele's feelings, and made her more determined to throw the ægis of her love and life's devotion around Angelo.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lyman, believing that the siege was raised and the enemy removed, pursued her plans in another quarter with diplomatic skill. Mr. Rowland had now become a constant visitor, and although he annoyed Adele but little with his society, yet he managed to keep himself in mind by a continual succession of those little admirable attentions that rarely fail to gratify a girl's taste. Mrs. Lyman kept up a constant fusilade upon the advantages of wealth, the security for happiness that a *mariage de convenance* brings over one of youthful fancy, and she would illustrate her argument by innumerable examples of the disastrous issue of those matches which had been founded upon passionate attachment alone.

"Which of Mr. Rowland's characteristics, Aunt Lucy," Adele, on one of these occasions asked, with mock gravity, "do you propose as a study for the foundation of my future respect and esteem?"

"Nonsense, child! You have a girl's ridiculous idea of finding a Jove in every lover. With proper management and tact a woman can mould a man who loves her into anything she wants."

These renewed attacks were not without their influence in bringing her to look less bitterly upon the attentions of Mr. Rowland, whilst seeing him so constantly gradually accustomed her to those mannerisms which had at first been so annoying to her. Instead of counteracting these influences by manly action and determined purpose, Angelo rather strengthened their force by the morbid fears and distrust with which his complaints filled her mind.

It was a bright, bracing January morning, and Mr. Rowland stood rubbing his hands before his dining-room fire, admiring the fine architectural beauty of the room, the glittering crystal and massive plate that adorned the sideboard, as well as the general air of *gold* that pervaded the apartment. "It is a handsome room, and no mistake, and the house is the finest in the city," he audibly ejaculated.

"What is there in the room you see so special new, Caleb, this morning?" asked his sister, a middle-aged, unprepossessing-looking woman, who was still sitting at the breakfast-table.

"Nothing, just yet; but I was thinking of some additions, to make the house look lively, as if people was living in it, instead of looking like a splendid vault, as it is, for a live man."

"Well, I want to know! I suppose you're going to take a fancy to dogs, and turn yourself into a hunting-man, like the fashionable Mr. Schailer. But I tell you, Caleb, if you have any such vulgar notion, you'll find somebody else to keep your house for you."

"Dogs, indeed! No; I want something pretty in flesh and blood to look at, and dainty little feet to go tripping about on the soft carpets."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed his sister, rising to her feet. "Is the man stark mad? You're not thinking about a wife this time of day?"

"You've just guessed it. May be I won't get the one my eyes are on, but you might as well prepare to give up the reins, old lady, before very long."

Miss Rowland fairly shook under the violence of her wrath, but she rarely spoke when her feelings were the strongest; so she simply inquired who was to be thus honored. Upon learning that it was Adele, "Well," she exclaimed excitedly, "I've always heard that too much money

turned the brain, and now I believe it. If you want a child to torment you, why go to the asylum and get one. But to put your old neck into a yoke, for that stuck-up young beauty to drive, is worse than going right into a strait-jacket."

"Wait till you see her a driving of me," sullenly retorted her brother, "then there will be time enough for so much palaver." And with this bitter cud for her day's meditation, he stalked out of the room.

"I'll give up the reins, will I?" soliloquized Miss Rowland. "We'll see who'll be master. I haven't worked and saved all these long years to help push you up the ladder, for you to pull me down to the bottom now. A chit of a child, indeed, to lord it over me! There's such a thing as making a house too hot for some folks."

A grand ball under the auspices of a bevy of fashion's favorite matrons, proved the *coup de grace* for the attainment of Mr. Rowland's cherished scheme. That he, who by a dash of his pen could raise or depress the money market, should be thus long baffled by the caprices of a mere child, was not to be borne. The whole house was thrown open, and thronged by the votaries of Moloch. The golden calf was the god of the night, and the angel of fidelity and truth unfurled his wings and soared back to the realms of purity and peace.

Chapter Eighth.

MUFFLED BELLS.

Shifting clouds of fleecy blue and silver, from which carolled home-returning birds, breathings of zephyrs wafting perfume of apple blossoms and baby-grasses, and April came dancing in with her songs and tears. Adele walked to the house of her most intimate friend, Mrs. Huntley, the morning after the ball. Clara met her with her infant in her arms. "I fear I am too early," said Adele, as she kissed mother and babe, "for you to give me a little time."

"Oh, no; I have accomplished wonders already, for this little tyrant gets me up early now. But you look pale and weary, Adele; you haven't had time to recover from the fatigue of the late grand ball."

"Possibly not. It is of that, Clara, I came to talk about, or rather of what came of it for me;" and she heaved a heavy sigh, whilst an expression too sad for tears flitted over her face. "That event decided my fate," she continued. "I have promised to marry Mr. Rowland."

"Impossible! Oh, Adele!"

"I can't help it, Clara; I am worn out fighting and opposing all at home; the life of warfare was killing me. I couldn't contend any longer, so, for the sake of peace, I have yielded."

"Oh, Adele!" said Clara, taking her cold hands; "rouse yourself from this passive state, and look full in the face the life that you have chosen. If you could fully realize all its requirements and sacrifices, you would know that death would be a hundred times preferable. Be true to yourself, to your best and holiest feelings, and God will bless you yet, in a true and requited love."

"I do not understand why you, Clara, should be such an advocate for love marriages," replied Adele, petulantly, "when your own was not of that romantic school."

"In part that is true, Adele; but you must remember that there is no parallel between your present position and my part. I, with a dying mother, alone in the world, and Mr. Huntley, the truest and best of friends, a man whom I most sincerely admired and esteemed. Then, too, what is of the utmost importance in such contracts, I had no preferences. There was no other form in the dark past or coming years, to rise as a threatening phantom between me and the dawning light of a

new and sacred love. I am no advocate even now for those marriages which are based upon a sudden and uncontrollable passion; but I do believe that a woman should entertain a sentiment of affectionate esteem for the man to whom she confides her future life. Without this, she betrays to a fearful chance all that is pure and sacred in her sex; for, say what you will, Adele, no amount of external gain, no absence of mere worldly ills, can crush out of a true woman's heart the craving for those joys which can only find response in a sympathetic soul."

"Say no more, Clara, your words kill me. But it is too late now for me to think of the future; only the past is mine. I came to ask you to give this note to Angelo. I cannot see him again."

"Ah, Adele! do you comprehend the force of the blow this will be to him? With his impulsive, fiery nature, I dread to think of the consequences. His very soul may perish."

"Aren't you always telling me, Clara, that the Catholic religion has a panacea for every wound?"

"Yes, for those who seek her consolations. But in such a tempestuous nature as Angelo's, affliction is more apt to raise rebellion than to lure him back to God. If you, Adele, were only back in the fold of your mother, you wouldn't be so miserable now."

"Perhaps not," she replied, with a sigh. "You can pray for me, Clara, and when my lot in life is settled, I may come out in the right path yet. But I must go now; I promised Aunt Lucy to go on a shopping expedition with her."

Mrs. Huntley went out that evening for the express purpose of avoiding Angelo Leland. She hadn't the nerve to deliver Adele's note, but left it with the servant.

Floating rumors, and the recent vacillating conduct of Adele had given him a premonition of coming trouble. He returned with the note unopened to his studio; sat a long time in dreary musings, then suddenly rising lighted his lamp, and drawing the note from his pocket, read:

"All our past is ended, Angelo. I can never see you again. I have promised to marry Mr. Rowland. I could fight no longer against fate. I shall never, never forget you. Forgive me, Angelo, and cease to remember one who has proved so unworthy of your noble, faithful love."

He read it over and over again, then sank into the chair from which he had risen. It happened that he had placed the lamp under the "Voyage of Love," and upon that his eyes, hard, cold, and flashing, now fell. Several knocks came to his door, but he failed to notice them. Hour after hour passed; the sounds ceased in the streets; the lamp burned dimmer, and still he sat immovable, save for an occasional raising of the hand to his head.

At length a streak of daylight shone in the room; the lamp flickered, flashed, hissed, and expired. Still the trance of despair was unbroken. The sun at last shone brightly in the room, and as it touched the picture with a gleam of golden light, flashing its rays upon the face of the young girl, a new train of thought and feeling seemed evoked. With a sudden bound and a smothered cry, he sprang from his seat of vigil, and seizing a knife that lay on the table, he struck at the lovely face, and, with one gash, slit the picture from top to bottom. Thus the long pent up, silent agony was spent; the reaction restored his natural, human feelings, and he fell in a dead swoon upon the floor. About an hour after, the woman who had charge of his rooms came in for her morning's work, and found him still lying where he had fallen. She saw at a glance his condition, and, without raising any

alarm, applied remedies to restore him to consciousness. This accomplished, he forbade her to call any one, saying he was exhausted from overwork, and would soon be all right again. He soon after fell into a heavy sleep, only waking at sunset. He started when he saw his own face in the glass. A change of years had come over it. The soft expression heretofore so blended with its sternness, had given place to a track of dark, vindictive passions. "A fine picture," he muttered, "my lady has limned with one dash of her brush; I must strive to repay her in the same coin." Turning to his easel, he busied himself with almost a semblance of genuine interest in preparations for some new work. He brought from a closet a frame with the canvas stretched upon it, the mate to the one so lately destroyed. It had been reserved with loving patience for the time when his "Voyage of Love" should have reached its haven of fruition. How often, in fancy, this companion piece had glowed in radiance under the inspiration of a lover's faith and hope; and now only passion and the dire revenge that enters the heart of a wounded, injured, baffled man was to guide the hand and prove the inspiration for the sole utterance of his absorbing anguish.

All night he worked; but now, desiring to cherish his strength, he partook of the necessary nourishment and stimulants. No man ever nursed his strength more vigilantly to keep a lover's stolen tryst than did Angelo Leland at this time to feed and perpetuate this one phase of the dark revengeful feelings that consumed him.

"My love," said Mrs. Huntley to her husband, ten days after Angelo had been last at the house, "I wish you would try again to-day to see Mr. Leland. I really feel very uneasy about him."

"I did so, Clara, last evening, but feared to cause you a sleepless night by telling you the result. I found his studio and rooms empty; no one knew whither he had gone; for no one, except the woman who had charge of his rooms, had seen him since the night he was last here."

"I know Bridget, and will go this moment to see her," said Mrs. Huntley, hopefully.

"I have anticipated you, Clara."

He then proceeded to give her an account of all that Bridget knew, from the time she found him lying in a swoon until she saw him last.

"'Sure, sur, I thought nothing was mich amiss, because Mr. Leland was niver intirely belike other folks; but afther a little me mind misgave me, and said I to Tom, said I—for Tom, you must know, sur, is as tight as a brick at kaping sacrets—sure thin, said I to Tom, "Something's wrong with the gintleman, for there's a black luk in his face that niver was there afor; and his bid is throubled very little of nights with the weight of his body.'"

"'Oh, it's the big pictur, mither, that he's afther painting at nights that kapes him lucking so quare.'

"'So whin I heerd that I thought perhaps Tom was right; and whin the painter-spell was off him, he'd be his own beautiful self again. But whin I went agin this morning wid the coffee and the beautifulest plate of toast that iver you see, sur, and two fresh eggs, laid be me own hens right forninst me eyes, may the Lord save me, sur, if the picturs and everything barring what belongs to the people below, wasn't gone, and hisself along wid thim!'

"I asked Bridget if he owed her anything?

"'No, indade, sur; he paid me time and again more nor me work was worth; God bliss him for a fine gintleman, wherever he may be!'"

And this was all that the closest investigation could discover. The mysterious disappearance of Angelo Leland served as a nine days' won-

der; some attributing it to suicide, others accounting for it on the ground of his usual eccentricity.

But there was one whose heart heaved in silent anguish, as conscience suggested the most terrible of solutions; and now she began to realize the difficulty of the lesson she had assumed; to bury the past, to forget what had proved the golden halo to the sombre clouds; and, as she struggled between conscience and ambition, the legend of the dying king and his silver bell became a reality, bringing with it a dismal tolling sound that filled her fancy with dread forebodings through all her waking and dreaming hours.

Chapter Ninth.

retribution.

Whenever the ordinances of God are violated, then must inevitably follow the war of the spirit; the revolt of the heart against the very agents chosen at such a heavy sacrifice, as the bestower of imaginary blessings. Thus but a short time sufficed to convince Adele, after her brilliantly accomplished marriage, that she had bartered a priceless jewel for a worthless bauble, and her golden chains clanked and weighed her down like the iron manacles of a guilty captive. Time soon proved to her that she had sold herself to a tyrant, who invoiced her as a mere bale of merchandise. Mistress only in name of the elegant mansion she had been bought to adorn; tortured, contradicted, thwarted in every conceivable way by her sister-in-law; her every act misinterpreted; kept under a constant espionage that subjected her to a tissue of false and insulting constructions; truly, she found her lot worse than that of the poorest slave. Naturally conciliating in disposition and mercurial in temperament, she tried every means at first to win the good will of Miss Rowland by graciously yielding her precedence on every possible occasion. But that lady would only hold the field in undisputed possession; so did Adele chance to give an order, it was immediately countermanded; did she invite her own friends, they were so rudely treated as to feel themselves *de trop*. Her husband exacted the most rigid obedience to his ideas of propriety and right, and a strict account of her whereabouts and companionship whenever she left the house. If at an evening entertainment she received attention from her former gentlemen friends, she was subjected upon her return home to the most jealous abuse. Instead of the lavish amount of money which she thought she should command for the gratification of her generous nature, she found her purse more stinted than in her days of dependence. Her pride sustained her in the concealment of her true wretchedness, and aided her in the assumption of the externals demanded by her position. But alone, in her own chosen sanctum, she poured forth all her misery. Who can blame her for preferring the retrospect of the past to the sad realities of the present? Even had she found comparative happiness by her faithlessness, still must the uncertainty of the fate and the anguish entailed through her upon the one that had been best loved, have visited her at times with pangs of remorse, if not of grief. But now that she had bought her own misery with such a price; now that the contrast of the present, and all that "might have been," haunted her by day and by night, borrowing, as lost treasures always do, an aureole of light from their very remoteness, she suffered a tenfold anguish. "Only to know where he is," she would cry again and again; "only to know that my act has not murdered him; all the rest I will endure if it will only expiate this one sin, and restore him to God and an honorable life!" Her health began to fail under the constant wear and tear of this excitement, and her friends

perceived with pain that her disposition, once so forbearing and sweet, was becoming irritable and exacting.

One day, about six months after her marriage, she was called to the drawing-room to receive a lady visitor. There was something about the sphere of Mrs. Chase that always suggested a lurking danger or pending ill, and Adele never left her presence without the consciousness of having received a wound of some kind from her silvery tongue. She was, however, unusually agreeable on this occasion; but just as she was about rising to leave, she cast her eyes upon a recent work of Beard's, and said:

"That reminds me of the new picture at Weldon's; the last one, by the way, that was painted by your old friend Mr. Leland. I suppose you have not seen it, as it was only opened this morning."

Adele commanded herself, and replied with apparent indifference, only asking from whence it had been sent.

"Oh, it is quite a romance, and only adds to the mystery already connected with that remarkable young man's disappearance. It appears that, quite late at night, of the day that Mr. Leland was last seen, and just as Weldon's store was about being closed, a large box, carefully packed, arrived, and with it a note to the proprietor requesting him to keep it thus for six months. At the expiration of that time the picture should be exhibited for a short period, and then sold for the benefit of the Catholic Orphan Asylum. I hadn't time to look at it this morning, but just gathered these items, and thought they might possibly interest you. It is a lovely day; you had better walk down to the gallery; I dare say your love of art will be gratified. Good morning!"

And Mrs. Chase, delighted with the success of her *Parthian* arrow, bowed herself out.

Angelo had frequently spoken to her of the companion piece he intended one day to paint, to the "Voyage of Love." Her heart thumped heavily under the intuition that it had thus been accomplished; but how, and in what form had her treachery and his misery been limned for the eyes of the world to gaze upon? But she waited patiently, allowing weeks to pass, listening with apparent indifference to comments on all sides, and detecting in the covert insinuations of some, and sympathetic glances of others, that in some form the story of his wrongs and her perfidy were reproduced. November opened dark and drearily, recalling by the contrast every little incident connected with last year's ramble through the woods, and the keynote to this retrospect was the legend of the king, and his bells of joy. It was a day to tempt but few to breast the keen, cold wind; but it accorded with her own feelings, so she dressed herself, and walked down to Weldon's, on the plea of buying some ornament for her table. The store was empty, no one but the clerks about, and they were busy taking account of stock. She sauntered around, looking at the fancy articles, then upstairs where the pictures were hung. Her eyes soon fell upon what she knew from size and position to be the long-desired object of her thoughts. Yes, there it was. The companion of that first beautiful dream; but oh, what a change; the same scene, but with the blight of a simoom blast over all. The dark lurid clouds predicted a heavy storm. The large, luxuriant elm tree now stood bare and weird against the sky; the clambering vine, so bright in its verdure and pink blossoms, now clung in black masses to the sombre rock, and the former placid, silvery bosom of the river, heaved and swelled under the tempestuous wind. In the middle of the stream floated the same boat containing two figures. A woman, the same in form, the same wealth

of golden hair, sat (her face partially buried in her hands) at the bow, on an impromptu ottoman composed of bags of coin. These were so heavy and numerous as to endanger the safety of the vessel, as her sides barely escaped the dip of the water. A man with the face of Judas stood at the stern, gazing with anxiety and fear at the gathering clouds, as he held his hand firmly down upon the rudder. Watching the fate of the craft, stood, under the blighted elm, a young man, his hair flying in the wind, his eyes blazing with incipient frenzy, and his whole appearance indicating the full sway of rebellious passions. Adele sat spellbound (she never knew how long), under the influence of this allegorical revelation of sin, sorrow, and suffering. At length she was roused to a realization of her position, by a strange feeling in her head, and a sensation of icy coldness in her limbs, which warned her to seek repose and quiet at home. The next morning she was unable to rise for breakfast, but as she occasionally absented herself, Miss Rowland attributed the excuse of illness, as only a plea for what she termed laziness. In a few days a severe brain fever developed, attended by the wildest and most uncontrollable delirium. She was particularly violent and unmanageable whenever her husband entered the room, until the doctor positively forbade him to continue to force her to receive his visits. Next to this aversion, her one idea seemed to be to get away from the house. She imagined that the ceiling and walls were of quartz; that they swayed to and fro, and were about to fall and crush her with their glittering weight. This idea became so fixed, and her frenzied efforts to escape so exhausting, that Mrs. Lyman, who sat by her day and night in sad and remorseful devotion, determined, against Mr. Rowland's violent opposition, to remove her to her own home. For a few days the result was beneficial, but for weeks she hovered between life and death, with occasional short, lucid intervals. But if Mr. Rowland happened to approach during one of these lulls, she invariably fell again into a delirium of fear and dislike toward him. Three months of alternate hope and fear, of intervals of a few days of consciousness, followed again by distorted visions of the past, marked drearily the days of her watchers. In one of her longest lucid spells, she had requested to see the Catholic bishop. Her aunt had been warned by the doctor, that any opposition might be attended by fatal results; so, unwilling as she felt to concede to this request, she felt constrained to comply with it. After finding that his visit proved most soothing and beneficial, she invited the good prelate to repeat it, trusting that it was only one of those fancies which would be relinquished with returning health. Every few days the bishop came, and in her wildest delirium the sound of his voice, or the touch of his hand upon her burning head, would lull her into quietude. She never at such times recognized him personally, but associated him with some ideal of power and goodness that dispensed the balm of consolation and healing. At length the disease seemed conquered, and there was hope of convalescence. Since the bishop's first visits, Adele had shown less antipathy to her husband, and in her lucid intervals, would occasionally ask for him, and extend her little white attenuated hand to him, as if in silent appeal for his protecting pity. Contrary to hope and expectation, with increasing strength she coveted more and more the consoling visits of the bishop. Through the waters of affliction budded and bloomed at last, the graces of her early baptism, and the earnest prayers of her dead mother; and when the door of the Tabernacle was opened, and the "Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world,"

o'ershadowed her soul, the effulgence of Thabir seemed to enfold her, and the false lights and perverted principles that had wrought such baleful influences, gave place to a clearer perception, and a strength of endurance that taught her how to walk safely and purely in the thorny path yet before her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER, D.D., S.J.,

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR AND MISSIONARY.

FRANCIS X. WENINGER was born on the 30th of October, in the year 1805, at his father's castle called "Wildhouse," near the city of Marburg, in Styria, a province of Austria. His mother, Barbara, was of the noble family of Mandelstein, a saintly woman, and most devout Christian lady.

After a few years, his father, Sebastian Weninger, sold the castle, and removed with his family to Vienna. Of all the sacred vessels belonging to their chapel, they retained only a silver chalice, to be given to the boy when he would have reached the age of twelve years. But Sebastian Weninger, falling dangerously sick, ordered his wife to make a pilgrimage to a celebrated shrine called "Mary of Help in the Desert," and there offer the chalice on behalf of the boy for his father's recovery. Father Weninger attributes to this pilgrimage his own vocation to the priesthood, and to a missionary life in the Society of Jesus.

In the year 1820, he was pursuing his collegiate course of studies at Laibach, when the Emperors Francis I of Austria and Alexander of Russia, together with the King of Naples, held a conference in that city, in consequence of the Carbonari revolution, which had expelled the king from his dominion. The young Weninger was charged by his father with the duty of presenting to Francis I a claim against the Imperial government for estates in Hungary. It was on that occasion that the Empress Caroline Augusta, a pious and generous lady, took the young student under her protection, and became thenceforth his kind friend and patroness. Having finished his course of divinity at the University of Vienna, Xavier Weninger expressed a desire to become a religious, and showed his preference for a contemplative Order; but his confessor, who was a holy and learned priest, the founder of the Order of Sisters of Notre Dame, who have their Mother-house in Milwaukee, persuaded him that for the present he should remain a secular priest. After his ordination, which took place in Vienna, he returned with his own bishop to his native diocese of Gratz, where he was made prefect of studies in the Ecclesiastical seminary, and professor of dogmatic theology in the University.

About this time the Jesuits opened a novitiate in the city of Gratz, and one of those who entered the Order was Father Weninger's intimate friend, the secretary of the bishop. This renewed in his heart his first desire, which had only been slumbering, to enter a religious Order. Accordingly he wrote to his old confessor, and asked his advice about joining the Society of Jesus. His confessor answered that he held it to be God's will that he should become a Jesuit. Father Weninger imme-

diately abandoned the world and the bright career that was promised him, and entered the novitate. The Empress, whose protégé he still was, showed herself displeased; but later on she became reconciled to the step, and continued her kindness and generosity to Father Weninger, even after he left Europe, and engaged in the missionary toils of America.

After his novitiate at Gratz, he was sent to the province of Gallica to review his theological studies; for it is customary in the Society of Jesus, to make those who enter from the secular clergy, go over their divinity course in her own schools, thus securing similarity of views and training.

After being employed for a few years, partly in college duties, partly in the sacred ministry, in different houses of the Society in the Austrian provinces, he conceived a strong desire to devote himself to a missionary life among the German people, who were then emigrating in large numbers to the United States. He wrote to the General of the Order, Father Roothan, and offered himself for the missions in America. The General approved of the project, and accordingly Father Weninger betook himself to Havre, whence he set sail, July 13th, 1848, on the steamer *United States*, landing in New York on the 25th July. The following Sunday he preached his *first* sermon in America, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, L. I.

From New York, he went immediately to St. Louis, to confer with the provincials of Missouri, and prepare for his missionary career. In November of the same year, he gave his first mission at Oldenburg, Indiana. What he has done during the twenty-eight years that have since elapsed, is well known to the Catholics of the United States. He has been engaged in giving missions principally among the Germans, but also among French and English speaking congregations. He has repeatedly traversed the country from north to south, from east to west, from Florida to Lake Superior, from the Atlantic States to the territories of the Northwest, as far as Vancouver's Island and along the Pacific coast. There is scarcely a State in the Union where he has not given missions; in some States hardly a congregation to which he has not given a mission or retreat. He has given over 700 missions, and erected over 600 mission Crosses, memorials of his long-remembered missionary visits.

In the meanwhile he published many books, one or more nearly every year, in German, French, or English. The German edition of his *Papal Infallibility* contains a full list of his books and pamphlets numbering about eighty volumes, together with several musical compositions. The following are his English publications: *Catholicity, Protestantism, and Infidelity; Manual of Catholic Doctrine; the Sacred Heart Mission Book; the Infallible Authority of the Pope; Easter in Heaven; Photographic Views, or Religious and Moral Truths Reflected in the Universe;* three *Catechisms; Lives of the Saints*, now in course of publication.

Father Weninger is a man gifted with richness of thought and beauty of imagination. His *Photographic Views* is a grand work—an intellectual storehouse. When we open the volume and read such passages as the following, we are charmed, edified, instructed:

"The earth seems to be immensely large, while the sun and the stars appear comparatively small; yet the size of many of the heavenly bodies far surpass that of our globe. So, in the eyes of man the fleeting pleasures of this world are great while the eternal joys of heaven pass as mean and insignificant. But oh, how sad the delusion! How infinitely more precious than aught below are the treasures hidden behind the stars!" p. 4.

"Though so great and luminous a

body, the sun begins his daily course in profound silence, and yet the very first beam which he sends forth is perceived. Real greatness does not need the applause and recommendation of others; it makes itself known and appreciated," p. 10.

"In the polar lands, the sun appears to come upon the horizon before it rises; but this phenomenon is only a cold and lifeless counterfeit of the king of day. A similar illusion often takes place in those from whose souls divine Faith has departed, and who are in the polar land of infidelity. They fancy that they see the sun of truth in many of their illusory axioms and systems; but they are deceived. It is only a phantasm, but not the sun of truth," p. 15.

"Comets generally excite much wonder; and from the space which they occupy, seem to be greater than the sun. They shine, but their misty light imparts no heat; and notwithstanding their great extent, they have scarcely any compact centre. In the social and scientific world we may compare with the comets those *savants*, apparently possessed of extraordinary learning and erudition, and drawing after them an immense train of dupes and admirers, who foolishly fancy that these pretended geniuses will, by their wisdom, reform the world. 'Come,' say these comets to their admiring train, 'follow us, and you shall be like unto God, knowing all things.' But they soon fade away before the rays of the sun of Faith," p. 26.

"Naturalists say that the owl sometimes devours its young in the egg. It is thus that vainglory deals with our good works. It destroys their merit, leaving nothing but the empty shell of pride," p. 108.

"It is said that no quadruped ever looks higher than a few feet from the ground, unless when frightened by some accident. How many men, solicitous only for that which is below, and living, as the Scripture says, 'like the horse and the mule,' never elevate the eye of the mind more than a few feet! They have, perhaps, a few principles of morality, but scarcely rise to the height of the Ten Commandments. They feel satisfied if they live like good Pagans or good Jews. They hardly ever think of heaven, unless frightened by some sad or untoward incident," p. 123.

"Self-esteem, united to an inordinate love of praise, may be called the drum of conceit, which vain people always beat as an accompaniment to the fife of flattery, blown by their supposed admirers," p. 223.

But the whole volume is a garden of beautiful flowers. It is no trouble to pluck one here and there.

As to Father Weninger's other works, we have not space to notice their many good qualities. His *Manual of the Catholic Religion* is perhaps the best popular theology in English. The writer of this, during his school-days, made it his text-book; and, though he is familiar with a great many similar works, he has seen none that combines so many rare excellencies as Father Weninger's treatise. As a text-book for our Catholic colleges, it may be safely said it has not its equal in our language.

The venerable Father Weninger is now over seventy years of age, still strong and active, and engaged with his usual energy in the laborious ministry of the missions, giving promise of many years to be devoted to the same arduous duties. It is to be hoped that he will himself write a history of his missions, giving an account of the many extraordinary scenes through which he has passed, his hairbreadth escapes, "the many incidents, by flood and field," the wonderful manifestations of God's grace, the singular conversions he has witnessed, the growth and spread of the Church, all of which would form an interesting, and indeed an integral portion of Church history in these States for the last twenty-five or thirty years.

DIAMOND OR GLASS.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE REAL PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN THE EUCHARIST, ADDRESSED TO SINCERE PROTESTANTS.

VI.

DOUBTS, CONTRADICTIONS, AND FALSEHOODS.

WHOSE fault is it, that thousands and millions who have been baptized and who professedly believe in Christ (viz., Protestants), no longer accept the words of Holy Writ as they stand and as they used always to be interpreted? The fault is:

1. *Luther's.*—It is true he sometimes spoke, in his writings, in the strongest terms in favor of the belief in the presence of Christ in the Eucharist, as, for example, when he says: "We must firmly avow that whoever eats this bread, the self-same eats and breaks that which is the true and real body of Christ. If a hundred thousand devils with every fanatic at their heels, rush up and say, How can bread and wine be the body of Christ? I shall then know that all the spirits and learned men packed together are not as wise as the Divine Majesty's smallest little finger!" But then again he lets himself be driven, not only by unstable thoughts, but even by unChristian passion, into another explanation, just like a weather-vane agitated by the wind. He says, in his book on the Vaudois: "I consider it erroneous to assert that the bread does not remain (in the sacrament), but now, as I am so sorely pressed to accept this error, in spite of Holy Writ, *I will, to spite the Papists*, believe that bread and wine remain bread and wine." At another time he taught that the body of Christ was everywhere; and then again, Melanchthon complains that Luther allowed certain disciples in Italy to believe in transubstantiation, like the Catholics. Now is it possible to place greater dependence upon the explanation of such a man who lived 1500 years after Christ, in Saxony, who was clearly no saint, but had many curious fancies and bad passions, than upon the interpretation of the oldest fathers and bishops who were partly instructed by the Apostles themselves, and sacrificed their lives for the faith? Which will you rather believe?

2. *Zwingli*, of Switzerland, quarrelled not only with the Catholic Church, but also with Luther, and that, too, on the doctrine of the blessed Eucharist, and started the till then unheard of interpretation that, in instituting the Blessed Eucharist, Christ means to say nothing more than "this *represents* my body, but *is not* my body." Zwingli's account as to how he became convinced of the correctness of this interpretation is a most remarkable one. He relates that he had, in a dream, a dispute with some one about the Eucharist, and that he was getting the worst of the argument till a "helper" came to his assistance, and seconded his hitherto unsupported opinion of the representation of the bread. Of this helper Zwingli expressly remarks: "I know not whether he were white or black." And it matters little whether he were white or black; for even Satan can, as Holy Writ says, assume the form of an angel of light. Will you believe in this shadowy "helper" of Zwingli, and stake your salvation upon it?

3. *Carlstadt.*—This man began earlier even than Zwingli to deny the presence of Christ in the Eucha-

rist. I will content myself with adducing what Luther says respecting him in his *Table-Talk*: "Because I call him (Carlstadt) a devil, no one need be astonished; for a devil dwells in and speaks out of him." Perhaps this Carlstadt and his interpretation constitute the rock upon which you can build your salvation more securely than upon the Catholic Church?

4. *Calvin* originated the truly blasphemous doctrine that God was the author of good and evil, and had created and destined one portion of mankind for salvation, and the rest for damnation! Those who were predestined for damnation might strive as much as they pleased, they would never reach salvation or receive any grace in the sacraments. It is impossible to contradict more flatly the word of God, which says (2 Peter 3: 9): "The Lord dealeth patiently for your sake, not willing that any should perish but that all should return to penance." Will you consult this man as to what you are to believe respecting the Eucharist? His doctrine on this point is very shaky; his main idea was that the body of Christ was in heaven, and nowhere else, but that there streamed out of him into the Eucharist virtues for such as were destined for salvation, and he ended by accepting, as a matter of policy, the bare "representation" theory of Zwingli. Is it possible that Calvin can be a pillar and base of truth?

The men just named are the principal founders of the Reformation, and introduced a new version of the Holy Eucharist fifteen hundred years after Christ. If now we reflect how much hatred, slander, and intellectual pride are to be found in many of their writings, we must, where it is a question of the mysteries of religion, place more faith in the interpretations of the oldest and most pious fathers of the Church. Even the English Protestant Bishop Croft says: "The saintly old Fathers of the Church were far more ghostly men, and could consequently cast a far clearer glance into spiritual things than we poor carnal creatures of these days; they have given us ocular proof of this in the holy and spiritual life which they lead. It is quite conceivable how the meaning and views of Jesus and his Apostles could be much more clearly understood by those who lived shortly after them than by those of later times, or long after them in the centuries that were corrupt." But these saintly old Fathers taught the same doctrine of the Holy Eucharist as the Catholic Church teaches at the present day. It is also a very remarkable fact that the more religious and holy a Catholic is, the more lively is his faith in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. St. Louis, King of France, was once invited to go into a certain church, because our Lord was to be seen there visibly in the host. He did not go, and said: "It is not necessary that I should have ocular proof of his presence in the Holy Eucharist. His words, 'this is my body,' convince me more than if I were to see him with my eyes." As soon, however, as a Catholic loses his fervor, he begins to harbor doubts about the Holy Eucharist. But which is the more likely to be illuminated by the Spirit of God, the pious or the depraved Catholic?

We see from all this how nothing that is true can be adduced against the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, simply because her enemies are unable to bring successfully any grossly wicked falsehoods against her. I will give an example in point. Mariott, of Basle, issued a small work, entitled *Life of Andrew Dunn, an Irish Catholic*. The whole affair appears to have been gotten up with the object of slandering and ridiculing the Catholic Church. In a footnote is related the following anecdote, which is intended to prove that transubstantiation is nothing:

"A Roman Catholic, of noble birth, who wished to marry a Protestant lady, made an arrangement with the latter to waive all disputes on religious matters. For several years after their union this agreement was faithfully adhered to, but, in course of time, the priest who frequently visited them, fancied he could easily make a proselyte, and began therefore to speak of matters peculiar to his profession of faith. He laid particular stress upon the doctrine as to the changing of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ (transubstantiation), and ended by making himself obnoxious through his importunities. The lady, therefore, bethought herself of an expedient whereby she might rid herself of him; and, as if she were convinced by his arguments, she one day consented to go to mass with her husband on the following Sunday, on the condition that each came provided with a 'host' of his or her own. The priest, suspecting nothing, and desirous of effecting the conversion at all hazards, consented. The lady made her appearance in the chapel with her husband as arranged; but after the hosts, which she had brought with her, had been consecrated, she turned to the priest, and demanded with an air of solemnity, if it were really changed into the body of Christ? He replied, quite unexpectedly, that the entire substance of the bread had been changed into the body of Christ, and that nothing remained of its former condition. To this she made answer, if 'this is really the case, then do *you* eat the host without hesitation; but I for my part dare not do it, *for it contains arsenic*.' The priest was thunderstruck at this unexpected disclosure, but was too wise to risk his life for a doctrine which he had, however, defended with the greatest pertinacity as though thoroughly convinced of its truth. The husband of the Protestant lady was induced, through this practical refutation of a doctrine which he had hitherto blindly believed, never again to be seen at mass."

Every Catholic who knows how the Holy Mass is conducted will see that the whole of this story is nothing else than a wicked, and at the same time, ridiculous fable. But, lest any one should be so dreadfully stupid as to take this manifest lie for simple truth, I will go to the otherwise superfluous trouble of reminding him that the Catholic Church has never yet taught that arsenic could be changed into our Lord's body; this can be the case with the substance of bread only. And even after the consecration, the sensible properties of the bread remain, and have the same effect upon the body as before the change took place.

I will, however, prove by another example how the words of the Lord are deprived of their force and nullified. It is supposed that the language which was spoken among the Jews at the time of Christ was the Syriac; but that there was no word in that language for "*represent*;" and hence that it was necessary to use the word "*is*," although "represent" were meant by it. Now, Christ said, "this *is* my body," instead of "this *represents*" my body, because the word "*represent*" is wanting in the Syriac language. What can we say to this? The English Cardinal Wiseman, who was thoroughly conversant with the Syriac language, gave the result of his investigations in a work entitled *Horæ Syriacæ*. He found that not only did the Syriac possess as many words for "*represent*" as the Latin, Greek, and English languages, but *many more*; quite an unusually large number, viz., forty-one. It follows that this, too, is an infamous lie, to say that Christ used the word "*is*" instead of "*represent*," owing to the absence of the word from the language! Now whoever has nothing better than such awkward lies as these to bring against the Catholic

doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, acknowledges in doing so that there are no real and reliable proofs against the Catholic Church. Hence it is an awful piece of recklessness to libel the belief of the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist on the authority of such unscrupulous and unsupported declarations.

And it is a deception to attempt to pervert Catholics by telling them that because they do not in the Catholic Church *drink the chalice*, they therefore lose something necessary to their salvation. Either the real and living body of Christ is present in the Eucharist as the Catholic Church teaches, or it is only a commemoration of Christ, as the greater part of Protestants believe. If the body of Christ is present in the Host, then his blood is also there, and it is not absolutely necessary that you should receive the body of our Saviour under the other form—under that of wine—just as it was never found necessary in the earliest Christian times to receive under both kinds. But if the Eucharist is a mere commemoration, it is a matter of no moment whether you commemorate the Lord by partaking of the bread *alone* or *with* the wine. Indeed, bread need not be used for the purpose. A crucifix or a prayer-book can remind you of your Saviour just as well; and even these are not needed, for you can call your Saviour to mind without any external sign at all; and one would then be at a loss to know why our Saviour had instituted the Eucharist at all! It might, therefore, be laid aside just as the washing of feet (which was done by our Lord before the institution of the Eucharist, and was only intended to remind us that we should practice humility) was discontinued.

VII.

POSSIBILITY.

He who is a simple Christian believes unostentatiously and firmly as soon as he knows that it is our Lord who speaks. But he that is weak in faith often fancies that he has a powerful intellect, if he doubts everything which the mote-eye of his understanding cannot take in. The words of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist are so plain that they could not be clearer; only such people will not allow them their full force, because the changing of the bread into the body of Christ seems to them to be impossible and senseless. The human intellect wants to sit in judgment upon God's ordinances. I will now prove that what faith teaches is by no means impossible or unreasonable.

Our Saviour ere he spoke of the Eucharist wrought the miracle of the multiplication of bread, and this was meant to be a visible sign whereby the change in the Eucharist was explained. Consider therefore what follows: In the usual order of nature bread is multiplied through the depositing of seed in the earth. It is there vivified and caused to germinate by warmth and moisture. It then draws from the moist black mould and from the air and sunshine its nourishment, and unfolds and raises itself up into leaf, and stem, and ear in which the seed that was laid in the earth is increased sixty and one hundred fold. It is then first made into bread, after being crushed by the millstone, and subjected to the heat of the oven. That which is produced by degrees in the regular course of nature, was effected by the Lord of nature, Jesus Christ, in a moment: the loaves were suddenly so multiplied and increased that some ten thousand people were fed with them. This is to him who created all things just as easy as it is for a watchmaker to regulate the hands of the clock, without having to wait until it has reached the required point in its regular course. If we were accustomed to see bread fall from the sky like rain, we should doubtless regard it as great a miracle

as if we were to see fruit growing out of the earth for the first time.

We will go a step further. A newborn child weighs on an average about eight pounds, a full-grown man one hundred and fifty. Now, as our Saviour was a perfect man, this must have been the case with him too. I ask, if he had at his death a much heavier or larger body than at his birth, whence came the increase in size and weight? Unquestionably from the food which he took like other men. A large proportion of the body was once bread, which after being partaken of was changed into flesh and blood. That which affected our Saviour, and affects every human being in a natural way, viz., that bread is changed into a living body, this takes place through transubstantiation in a sudden and supernatural way, just as on the occasion of the multiplication of the loaves there occurred in a moment that which in the regular order of nature takes place gradually. This change is, of course, a miracle; but as Christianity could not be established without visible wonders, neither can it be maintained without visible wonders. What is wrought in the soul by baptism is a miracle; so also is every influence of the Holy Ghost upon the human soul, every supernatural grace, every conversion, sanctification, and the resurrection of the body; and the greatest miracle of all is God *himself.* It is certain that there is nothing in the world to be compared with the miracle of the Holy Eucharist, as there is nothing in the world's history that can bear comparison with the incarnation of the Son of God. But there are things in nature which in some respects have a resemblance to it.

(*a.*) There is in the Holy Eucharist the body of Christ present under the form of bread. In the same way we see in nature water in the most varied forms; it covers the ground as hard and heavy ice; it flows in the streams in rippling waves; it glows in the dewdrop or rainbow, or ruddy sky like imprisoned fire; it glides more softly than air as a vapor along the clear celestial vaults; it descends as rain, snow or hail; it may even disappear in the atmosphere, and still be really present there. The same may be said of a block of wood, a piece of cold steel, a black thundercloud; it is impossible to see the fire that is in each and all of them; but still we know that it can be brought out of them.

(*b.*) In the Holy Eucharist the eye sees something different from that which is really there. In the same way the three wise men from the East saw a newborn child merely in the wretched shed, Mary Magdalene fancied she saw the garden, Saul saw a ray of light; and on each of these occasions it was the God-man Jesus Christ—the same who manifests himself to us in the consecrated host. Even in earthly matters there is sometimes an immeasurable difference between that which a thing is and that which it appears to be. Look up at the least and faintest star in the heavens; it appears to the naked eye to be small and insignificant, a mere point of light, and yet it is in reality an enormous globe, far larger indeed than the whole earth.

(*c.*) In the Holy Eucharist is hidden life the most profound and profuse. There is the life of God, the life of the Son of God, the life of the body which will also awaken our bodies to a blessed resurrection. In the parched and shrivelled grain of corn, the life of the plant is in no wise discernible, and it may be concealed for years ere it germinate; nor can one see in the sleeping or fainting fellow creature the animating human spirit that slumbers in the deathlike body; and it is above all out of one's power to penetrate that most profound and omnipotent life of God which is, however, everywhere present in all its power and majesty.

(*d.*) God made man, communi-

cates himself to millions of creatures in the Holy Eucharist, and yet ceases not to exist of himself, but remains ever the same in heaven. If a preacher while in the pulpit have an idea in his mind, and express it, the intellectual idea transforms itself into sensible and audible words, in which the intellectual idea is, as it were, entombed. Under the cover of words several thousand auditors can receive the uttered thought into their souls, but for all that the idea is still in the mind of the preacher. Again the sun remains in the heavens even though millions of creatures receive its image and warmth. In like manner Jesus Christ remains always the same in the bosom of the Father, although he penetrates with his divine light, and infuses life into millions of human souls.

It is pure blasphemy for a creature with his weak understanding to dictate to God, by pretending to determine what is possible with him. If your Saviour come to you, you cannot endure him if he appear in his slandered form; and yet it is necessary for your souls that he enter into you, and that you should know the exact moment when he enters into you. A better proviso than that of bread there could not be; for it enables you to exercise the most beautiful and strongest faith in our Lord's word. Thomas considered it impossible that our crucified Lord had come to life again, although he had prophesied it, and in the face of the fact that the other disciples had already seen him after his resurrection. He said to them, as the disciples were relating the event: "Unless I can put my fingers into his wounds, I will not believe it." Now when our Lord again appeared to the disciples a little later, Thomas also being present, the latter fell down at our Lord's feet and exclaimed: "My Lord and my God!" But our Lord said to him: "Thomas, blessed are they who have not seen and have yet believed." This opportunity of obtaining salvation by faith without seeing, is granted by God to every Christian in the Holy Eucharist. *His Word* says: "This is my body." *Your eyes* tell you that it is bread. You can choose which you will believe. The Holy Eucharist is therefore not only a food of love but also a food of faith.

VIII.

NECESSITY.

If we ourselves could look into the inmost depths of our being, and accurately divine what is necessary for us in order to procure health for the soul, we should conclude that it could be effected in no other way than by uniting ourselves spiritually and corporeally with the Son of God. But what reason, which is by nature imperfect, fails to see, this will dawn upon it if it be humble enough to allow itself to be illuminated by the light of Christianity. I will now point out the only way in which we can be effectually benefited, if Christ come to us bodily in the Holy Eucharist.

1. Our Saviour says to Nicodemus, John 3:5: "Amen, amen; I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." "What is born of the flesh is flesh; but what is born of the spirit is spirit." Hence it is necessary that a new and heavenly spirit should be breathed into the creature by the Holy Ghost; this takes place in baptism. Only just as the grain of corn is awakened into life by water so that it germinates; but, on the other hand, just as water alone is not sufficient to bring the grain of corn into a perfect, fruit-bearing plant; so baptism is necessary to secure a part with Christ, and produce a divine germ. As soon, however, as a person comes to the use of reason, his soul requires food for its spiritual life. A natural body requires after its birth support

in order to sustain and keep itself alive, and the nourishment must consist of the material out of which the body itself is taken, viz., from the earth. In like manner the new being in man, which the Holy Ghost has produced through the second birth, requires sustenance wherewith to keep itself alive. But because it is received from the Holy Ghost and from heaven, so must its nourishment come from heaven and the Holy Ghost. Now this is no other than the Son of God, who gives himself to us as food in the Holy Eucharist. Hence he says: "I am the living bread that comes down from heaven: he who shall eat this bread, will live forever." Whereupon the Holy Eucharist can be of no advantage to a person in mortal sin, because he has not in him any life from the Holy Ghost to be nourished; but he is guilty of the body of the Lord by laying the living one in a whitened sepulchre filled with nauseousness and corruption of sin. If the objection be made that that on which the soul feeds is faith and devotion, it may be said in reply that the body can no more grow if fed on air alone (however indispensable continual breathing may be to his existence), than the spiritual life can thrive on devotion alone: it must also partake from time to time of the living bread of the Eucharist.

2. The Apostle Paul writes in his Epistle to the Romans, 5: 19, "For as by the disobedience of one man" (Adam) "many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of one" (Jesus Christ) "many shall be made just." The sin and death of Adam would not have concerned us at all unless two other creatures besides Adam and Eve had also been created from the beginning. But because we are all descended from Adam we have also grown up as crooked as Adam; just as the last twig and topmost leaf of a tree have sprung from the lowest roots in the earth and shared its nature and form; in this way was his sin and death transplanted into us. If now, on the other hand, obedience, the atonement, and the resurrection to a blessed life pass from Jesus Christ to us and wash out sin and eternal death, it is equally essential for us to, as it were, grow up with Jesus Christ in body and soul, and become part and parcel with this flesh and blood as with that of Adam. It is true Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, but we no more spring from her than our forefathers did; hence we are not related by blood or birth to her and Jesus as we are to Adam. Moreover, faith alone in Jesus Christ is not sufficient to procure a full and lively share with him; for we have not spirits alone but also bodies; neither is the God-man Jesus Christ a spirit alone; he has also a body, and without his body, indeed, the grave and important work of redemption could never have been accomplished. For this very reason we should have a real and true share in this body. How we obtain such a lively union and interior and essential relationship with our Lord has been explained by himself, John 6: 57: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me the same also shall live by me." Hence it must be as the Catholic Church has always taught, viz., that there must be present in the Holy Eucharist, in a mysterious way, the same Jesus Christ who offered himself upon the cross and rose again, his flesh and blood, his body and soul, his humanity and divinity.

3. The Apostle Paul writes to the 1 Corinthians, 12: 27: "Now you are the body of Christ and members of member." This is not a common simile, but therein is represented the essential relations in which Christ stands to the Saviour. Now in a living body the blood is continually

flowing from the heart into the members, and from the members back again into the heart; and in the Old Testament, indeed, it says, that "in the blood there is life." So soon as any member ceases to receive any more blood it withers away. Who, now, is the blood in the great body of Christianity by which each member (the individual Christian) lives and grows in spiritual life? This blood is no more or less than that which is the source of all life, Jesus Christ. He is the head, the heart, the life, and the blood in the great body of his Church. It is only through the most intimate union with him that the pleasure of God reaches us, and enables us to do works pleasing to God and meriting an eternal reward. Hence he says, John 15: 5, "I am the vine, you the branches: he that abideth in me and I in him the same beareth much fruit: for without me, you can do nothing." This intimate union of the creature with Christ cannot, however, be effected by faith alone, through aspirations, feelings, and prayers to the Son of man who left the earth eighteen hundred years ago, and is now in heaven. It only takes place in reality and in truth when that same Lord is present corporeally and spiritually in the Holy Eucharist, and unites himself to us in the same way as the food which we eat unites itself with our bodies.

4. God created the world, but he did not then withdraw himself from the world, and let things go on of themselves. The world can no more exist even for a single instant without God, than a sunbeam or sunshine can exist without the sun. The providence of God watches over and rules the world, and provides for everything, as also for all earthly creatures. Were God to withdraw his protection from the world it would vanish into nothingness, like the light when the source of it has been removed. It is the same with the redemption. Our Lord *once* bore the sins of the world, nailed them to the cross, and blotted them out; but that did not finish the matter for all times and for each individual. It was not without a purpose that our Lord said, "I will remain with you always until the end of the world." He is *continually* redeeming them one by one. Just as he came upon the earth in the winter's night, and into a stable as a child, so is he descending perpetually into the cold, bleak heart of man. And this takes place when he comes wholly and entirely to his creatures in the Blessed Eucharist.

5. Our Lord turned to his disciples, Luke 10: 23, and said, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them." Our Saviour means that even such men in the Old Testament as were distinguished by God through the gift of prophecy and the regal office, were eager for the great favor of seeing and hearing the Son of God and Saviour personally, but it was not granted to them. This happiness, viz., of having the Saviour with one personally, was not merely for the Jews of Jerusalem and Capernaum, and the disciples that lived eighteen hundred years ago, but it was intended for all creatures who lived, and will live, under the new dispensation. Our Saviour has said, "I will remain with you all days, even to the end of the world." To believe in Christ and to be moved by his all-protecting Spirit, this privilege the prophets and kings of the old dispensation possessed. If now we had our Lord with us in no other way than this, we should not be a whit the better off than the pious men of the old law. But how much more highly favored the Christian is than those great men, may be gathered from what our Lord says, Luke 7: 28: "For I say to you:

amongst all that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is the least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." Although John was a prophet and full of the Holy Ghost; although he saw our Saviour, believed in him, made him known, and was even allowed to baptize him; and although he was, above all, a near relative of his through his mother, he is nevertheless inferior to us Christians in favor; for we stand in a deeper and closer union and intercourse with him, seeing that his whole being unites itself with us in the Blessed Eucharist.

6. But you might say, "Even if our Saviour is present in the Holy Eucharist, we nevertheless do not see and hear him as the disciples saw and heard him." The answer to this is: Our Lord did not pronounce the disciples blessed because they saw and heard with their corporeal eyes and ears (otherwise the Pharisees, and high priests, and Herods might be called "blessed"), but because their seeing and hearing was internal and spiritual.

It is precisely thus that the Christian who receives the Holy Eucharist in the proper dispositions, and that the disciples possessed him, the soul itself sees and hears and feels that Jesus Christ has really come to it. It is true the presence of the Saviour is announced in ways as varied as are circumstances and dispositions. With many no particular effect is discernible, but this is frequently caused by a want of a lively faith. The Holy Scriptures relate that Jesus wrought very few miracles, even in Nazareth, because little faith was to be found there. But there are not a few people who clearly recognize the presence of their Saviour after receiving the Holy Eucharist. He speaks with them in spirit; they receive ideas, are enlightened and admonished in such a way as to be quite convinced; all this does not spring from their own souls. And thousands and thousands of Christians have felt, on receiving the Holy Communion, how truly and munificently and mightily our Lord keeps his promise: "Come to me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." In their greatest sufferings they have consolation, courage in despair, assistance in temptations, and now and again a ray of heavenly bliss; their eyes of faith are opened with the breaking of the bread, so that they recognize their God as did the disciples at Emmaus. Most Catholic priests know how peaceful and resigned the sick immediately become, endure their sufferings, and meet death cheerfully so soon as they have received the Holy Eucharist; nay, it is not unfrequently the precursor of relief and convalescence.

If a man witness the death of another, or see a dead body borne to its last resting-place, he is frequently seized with a fear and horror of death. But he who has just made a worthy communion, feels sometimes springing up within him a higher, supernatural life at the sight of a dead body, and if he were to die at that moment, death would merely strip him of his body, that higher life would be superior to and survive death. But the most important and essential thing is to excite and confirm the good will. Christians who frequently and worthily approach the holy table, do not, as a rule, fall into grave sins, but they make wonderful progress in piety. The first Christians in particular experienced the efficacy of the Holy Eucharist. They were convinced that it was precisely through the Holy Eucharist that they received the supernatural strength to withstand firmly, and even joyfully, the most terrible martyrdoms for the faith. Hence they kept it in their houses, in order that they might receive it so soon as they were summoned before the Judge.

Now just reflect. If Jesus were not really present in the Holy Eucharist,

the Catholic would be an idolater by the very fact of worshipping and receiving it as his God and Saviour. But as God has already conferred upon innumerable Catholics many great and quite extraordinary graces when they receive him in the Holy Sacrament, he must consequently either have thereby revived idolatry, or his only Son must be truly present in the Holy Eucharist. Which would you rather believe? Can you believe that the pious Catholic can go to communion animated by divine love, and be inspired with the most beautiful thoughts, the most pious dispositions, and the most joy in goodness, if his worship of and belief in the consecrated host were idolatry? What would you say, if some one were to aim at denouncing your prayers to and belief in Christ as infidelity? You might justly set yourself at rest with the reflection that you have already experienced and felt the power of prayer and faith. The pious Catholic can say just as much and even more with regard to the Holy Eucharist; for the mere faith in and meditation on Christ, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, and is as far from us as heaven is from earth, is, as compared with the Christ who is present in the Holy Eucharist, and who takes up his abode within us, like the pale star in the distant heavens as compared with the brilliant and lifegiving sun.

7. And if, in fine, we should ask what is the deepest desire and sole satisfaction of the soul? we should have to give the well-known answer of St. Martin: "Thou hast created us for thee, O Lord; and our hearts are restless until they repose in thee." It is, as a Protestant preacher (Hofaker) has well said, an abyss in the creature that cannot be filled, even if we throw into it all the treasure and joys and honors and dignities of the world. God alone can satisfy it. What is idolatry as practiced everywhere, and from the oldest times by all peoples who did not know the true God? It is the improper use of a real necessity, as in the case of a child that licks off the poisonous paint from its toys. The heathens were desirous of having the Godhead near them on earth, and hence they were seldom satisfied with the worship of the sun and stars or idols. In the same way the Jews were seldom satisfied for any length of time with the true God: they worshipped at the same time idols, because there is a secret impulse in a man to have God near him, and even to have that nearness perceptible by the senses. This has now been in the fulness of time granted to him through the Blessed Sacrament. This is God himself who is close to us in a sensible form. He dwells amongst us within the tabernacle of every parish church. The ever-burning light in the church shows where he is kept and can be worshipped; and there God enters into us (as is necessary for creatures composed of body and soul) in a sensible form, spiritually and corporeally. It is in this alone that the believing Christian finds his complete satisfaction so far as it is possible for a human being. God enters into him as the sunbeam penetrates the dewdrop, and transforms it into a beautiful radiance, just as fire penetrates iron and glows out of it. All else that religion confers, truth and graces of every kind, is the gift of God; only in the Holy Eucharist, the Giver, our God and Saviour, gives himself. It is in the Holy Eucharist that we first recover, and are presented with what was lost in Paradise, viz., the tree of life, and an intimate and a close union with God. Hence our Lord utters the prophecy (John 21: 5): "Behold, I make all things new." And even a kind of enjoyment results from that which the soul asks for, if its love be very strong. Earthly love is in many ways an image of divine love. We give the hand to the person whom we love as a token of

friendship; and the kiss is nothing but an attempt to draw the object kissed into itself. Indeed, if we were spirits, the one that loved the other spirit the more deeply, would enter into and take up its abode in the other. This is realized in the Holy Eucharist, where we are more intimately united than a shake of the hand or a kiss could make us, with that object of our love which is alone worthy of our supremest love. This is certainly the most wonderful and most incomprehensible feature in the whole Christian religion. A creature would never of himself have hit upon the idea that the Son of God made man, would give himself to us as our food. This is quite a supernatural doctrine which can come from God alone, for his designs surpass all human understanding. If, however, the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist were a mere device and were untrue, then Catholics would have represented to themselves Christ's love, condescension, and wisdom, and omnipotence as something greater than they really were; and thus the real Christ would be more insignificant, less important, and good, than Catholics represent him to be. Is this possible? Tell me yourself which Christ is infinitely good, the Christ of the Catholics that feeds his own with his blood and life, or the Christ of the Protestants, with his bequest of a mere memento in place of the Holy Eucharist? By which Christ will you take your stand?

IX.

DECISION AND CONCLUSION.

From all that has been said there remains the fact that so true as Jesus Christ is the Son of God, so sure as heaven and earth pass away, and that his works do *not*, so certain is it that Jesus Christ is really present with his whole being in the Blessed Sacrament. Wherefore the following declarations must also be true:

1. He who scoffs at the Holy Eucharist despises the sacred host, calls the worship of it idolatry, and commits exactly the same sin as the Pharisees, Scribes, and Jews were guilty of when they reviled our Saviour on the cross. The corporeal eyes saw at that time a naked, bloody, torn, abject human form nailed to a cross, and they see now the unpretending form of bread in the Eucharist; they behold in fact just as little of the only One born of the Father in the one case as in the other. If, however, our Saviour when on the cross prayed for the Jewish scoffers, saying: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" it is nevertheless questionable whether he can also pray for the baptized scoffers in the case of the Holy Eucharist. For the latter pass for Christians and yet discard the words of Christ ("*This is my body*,") and deride that which Christ calls his body. A downright infidel is more endurable to me than a certain class of fanatics who are never weary of speaking of our Lord in horrid phrases, and still refuse to believe what he says of the Holy Eucharist. They conjure up for themselves an imaginary Saviour out of fancies and paltry sentimentality, but they will listen to nothing about a living Saviour in the Holy Eucharist, and turn their backs upon him. But notwithstanding all this, the scoffer can no more injure our Saviour in the Holy Eucharist by his blasphemies than you can besmut a sunbeam.

2. Such Protestants as are incapable of blasphemy, but do not believe in the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist (although it is the only one that tallies with God's word), I do not on that account condemn. I am not their judge. Nay, I do not even condemn them if after having read this treatise they are still unable to comprehend how Christ is really present in the Holy Eucharist. I know too well how difficult it is to change the views which have been

imprinted in one's mind from youth upwards by parents, teachers, and the accident of birth. He who is taught that what Catholics believe is nonsense and idolatry, such an one will with difficulty, even with the clearest proofs before him, give credence to the Catholic faith. Although the Jews saw many great miracles, they still did not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the promised Redeemer, for the simple reason that they had been from youth upwards confined to the belief that our Saviour would have to appear in earthly pomp and magnificence, and because Jesus on the contrary appeared in the midst of poverty and humiliations. It must therefore be very difficult for a Protestant to believe that the undivided person of the Saviour is present in the Holy Eucharist and must be adored, if he has always been taught that the mass of the Catholics is pure idolatry. Had I myself been born and brought up a Protestant, this would in all probability have been the case with me too. Hence it is not always a sin, although it is certainly a misfortune, if a Protestant cannot see the truth in this matter. The Saviour (as a *creature* in whom *he* believes) is far away, ascended into heaven 1800 years ago. Moreover it is only through a special grace from God that the veil can be removed from before the eyes of his understanding, so as to convince him of the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist.

3. The case is quite the reverse with Catholics. He who has been educated and instructed in the Catholic religion; he who has approached the table of his Lord in a childlike manner and with a firm faith; he who has communicated with humility, adoration, hope, and love, and has experienced the great happiness of having his Saviour with him, and yet pretends that he no longer believes in him; how is it that such an one has ceased to have faith? He no longer believes because the spirit of the world or of pride has got the better of him, and because that childlike spirit of faith which alone leads to God has been lost; he no longer believes in his Saviour present in the host, because he no longer loves him or seeks him. Such unbelief is consequently a deadly sin, a deliberate turning away from Christ, who was once near to him. Jesus has expressly said, John 6: 45, that no man can come to him, *i. e.*, that no man can understand his words respecting the eating of his body, except the Father draw him, *i. e.*, give him a special grace. The more worldly and dissipated the soul is, the further does it turn itself away from God; and the more the grace of God is withdrawn from the soul, the less can the creature believe in the most Holy Sacrament. Nay, it will be absolute nonsence in his eyes. Just as a dissipated man cannot believe that his neighbor is either honest or upright, so the worldling can never believe that our Lord loved us so dearly and possessed such almighty power as to be able or desire to come bodily to every believing Christian in the Holy Eucharist. But if it be true what we repeatedly hear, that the lower grades of Catholics are being decoyed into apostacy by Protestant fanatics, not by means of fine speeches and tracts, but also by bribery, so that many are abandoning their faith, and with it their Saviour ever present in the Eucharist, such Catholics have delivered up and sold their Lord for money. Who is this prototype? Who was the first to betray his Lord for money?

4. It might be urged on the side of Protestants: "We too give out the Eucharist; but we leave each one his or her free choice as to what is to be thought and believed about it!" I ask in reply: "Will the Eucharist accommodate itself to the thoughts and ideas of each one, so

that the orthodox Protestant may drink the *blood of Christ* out of the *same chalice* as the believer in the mere commemoration drinks *wine alone?*" Your thoughts and belief have no power to effect any such result. But God is a God of order. When the change is made, such a stupendous miracle, in which the essence of the bread becomes the body of Christ, can certainly not take place at the request of each creature, otherwise the most awful abuse of the Most Holy might be the result. It can in point of fact only be effected through the regularly consecrated and ordained successor of the apostles, viz., the priests of the Church of Christ. Now Christ has founded but one Church, which has existed intact from the beginning of Christianity, viz., the Catholic. Hence a priest of that Church alone can consecrate. Those who administer the Protestant form of worship are, strictly speaking, no priests at all but only teachers of religion; for Protestants have no longer the power of ordination, and consequently they no longer possess the words by virtue of which they could consecrate. If Protestants adduce the fact that there is a species of induction into the priestly office in this Church, this is no satisfactory proof that our Saviour is present in the Protestant Lord's Supper. For several years those who aimed at becoming Protestant ministers in Baden were instructed by a professor who persisted in denying that Christ is the Son of God. Hence it is quite natural that many Protestant ministers neither believe in Christ, nor, as a matter of course, in his divine presence in the Eucharist. This is the case in other countries also. How is it possible for any change to take place at the request of such people as believe neither in God nor in transubstantiation? And why should Almighty God allow the great miracle of transubstantiation to take place for Protestants of whom by far the greater number do not believe in it? Why should Christ assume the form of bread for people who teach that he is not present there? I do not, however, know how Protestants can evade the words of Christ, John 6: 54: "Amen, amen, I say unto you: if you eat not the flesh of the Son of man, you shall have no life in you." Thus it stands, thus is it written, and thus it will remain, and nothing can be taken from it. There is, it is true, a "baptism of desire" for such as wish to be baptized and cannot; and in this way our Saviour may have mercy on such as have, by no fault of theirs, wandered from the right path, and because of their good will make up in a similar way for their not receiving the Holy Eucharist. But in no case can any one count upon such aid who has had the truth laid before him, and who does not look to the Catholic Church for the Holy Eucharist from intellectual pride or other worldly motives.

5. But what is the result of the fanaticism of such people as hunt after Catholics with a view to their perversion? I will expose it by an example. The Catholic religion, with its doctrine, its service, and its sacraments is a gold ring set with a diamond, and the diamond is the Holy Eucharist—the Saviour present there. The diamond is worth more than all the gold and other ornaments of the ring combined. This ring is a present to us from God, through whom we are admitted into heaven. The Protestant Church might also be compared to a gold ring; but the Reformers have changed it, and have removed the diamond, and replaced it with a piece of glass, saying, "the glass *represents* a diamond," and then called this change a *reform.* Now many fanatics strive to persuade Catholics who are ignorant, or know no better, to throw away their diamond ring and accept the false one instead. One might pardon such zealots for attempting to rob the Catholic of his most pre-

cious jewel through their rage for God's service, on the ground that they mean well even if they are in error. But their unpardonable fault is their frivolity in such an endlessly sacred matter. He who earnestly and thoroughly sifts the words of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist will find that they cannot be otherwise interpreted than as the Catholic Church interprets them. But he who has not even taken the trouble to test them, but rests satisfied with the prejudices and assertions of his fanatical neighbors, has assuredly no right to constitute himself the religious teacher and missionary of a strange church to Catholics. They are blind people who mistake the wandering lights of their own brains for celestial stars, and are thus led to decoy the Catholic from his pillar and base of truth, the Church, and to force themselves upon him as guides, although they are themselves pursuing a wrong path.

In conclusion, I would say: Our Lord, before his death, made his last will and testament. He left as heirs all those who believe in him without reserve, and for an inheritance he bequeathed to them the highest good in heaven and on earth, viz., himself, with his body and soul, in the Holy Eucharist. If we should make a will, especially such an extraordinary one as this, we should then speak out clearly and definitely. All those who believe in his word find this higher good, the Saviour himself, in the Holy Eucharist; and all who do not keep his words as he himself spoke them, live and die without having really and fully found and possessed Christ.

Now let each one reason with himself, and ask himself whether he will find salvation in the living Eucharist of the Catholic Church, or in the Lord's Supper as a mere commemoration, as Protestants have it.

REUNITED.

THE room was dark and curtained,
They knelt around the bed;
"Past are the pain and struggle,"
The old priest calmly said,
"For to the God who gave it
The spirit forth hath fled."

From Death's unlovely presence
The mourners slowly went;
Alone a weeping maiden
The night in watching spent,
And o'er the lifeless sleeper,
Full tenderly she leant.

Within his hands sweet roses
She placed with loving care,
And with the choicest lilies
She decked his golden hair,
And tender kisses planted
Upon his forehead fair.

He loved thee, high-born lady,
Ah! well thou knowest how,
But when warm life was in him,
Thou didst not kiss his brow—
Nor with sweet flowers encrown him—
In vain thou dost it now!

Calm were the pallid features,
And though distress and care,
And the agony of dying,
Had left an impress there,
A beauty rare and holy
Lit up the face so fair.

One little word had saved him,
But it was never said,
One smile had been forever
A halo round his head,
But now—well, all is over,
And he is with the dead.

And this is why the maiden
Stands weeping in despair,
And feels earth's weary burden
Is more than she can bear,
And longs to break life's prison,
And lie beside him there.

And when at last came morning,
And other steps were heard,
Crossing the floor of sorrow,
The maiden never stirred,
And to the whispered comfort
She answered not a word.

For, gently borne by sorrow
Her soul had passed away,
And on her calm, dead visage
A bright smile seemed to lay,
They were at last united
In God's eternal day.

Oh, let us learn the lesson
This tale of grief conveys,
And on poor hearts that wander
Through loveless nights and days,
Let us now lavish freely
Love's tender joys and praise!

And God will bless the effort,
And gives us in the place
Of human joy and comfort
The sweetness of his grace,
Until at last we see him,
Oh, glory, face to face!

HAUTERIVE;

OR, HOW THE FRENCH SOLDIERS DIED.

I.

Among the many picturesque roads in Switzerland, few have greater beauty or interest than that from Fribourg to Basile. Highly cultivated plains, bright with their varied crops, are interspersed with deep valleys, dark forests, and picturesque villages, the slender spires or mediæval towers of the little parish churches standing out from the soft hazy background and glittering in the sunshine; while the whole range of snowy Alps beyond, sometimes cloudy, sometimes golden, or with the soft rosy hue of the morning lighting up their rugged heights, forms, as it were, a vast frame to this glowing picture, which remains indelibly fixed on the mind's eye long after such scenes have been exchanged for the dull, gray coloring of our own land. Leaving the high road, a rough path to the right leads through a rocky defile, and over a picturesque bridge to a deep ravine in a valley watered by the Sarine River, not more than half a league from Fribourg, in the centre of which lies the celebrated old Abbey of Hauterive. To the east and south, a great wall of rock, of which part has crumbled away with the rain of centuries, shades the monastery from the morning sun. The only entrance to this solitude is by a steep declivity in which regular steps are cut; and nothing breaks the silence save the murmuring of the stream which encircles the abbey, and the whispering of the wind in the old beech trees growing on its banks.

The monastery is a legacy from the last branch of the noble family of Glane. The last count of that race had escaped, as by a miracle, from the total massacre of his family at Payerne, in 1126; and to show his gratitude to God, he determined henceforth to devote to him his lands, his castle, and himself. He sent, therefore, from Burgundy for some monks of the Order of Citeaux, made over to them his property, pulled down the old castle and converted it into a suitable convent, in which he took the habit as a lay brother in 1137. The name of Count William of Glane has lived ever since in the memory and heart of the people of Fribourg, and especially in the Abbey of Hauterive. This true nobleman, who had exchanged the helmet and sword for cowl and cloister, breathed his last in 1142, amidst the tears and prayers of the whole population to whom he had been as a father. The first Abbot of Hauterive was Girard, a monk of Clairvaux, who died in odor of sanctity. Before his death he had had the happiness of receiving in his monastery his illustrious master, St. Bernard, who was on his way to the Lateran Council. Even to this day the little cell is shown which was then occupied by that great saint. The abbey increased and prospered, while its revenues were doubled by the pious munificence of the Counts of Gruyére, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and many other noble families. By the indefatigable industry of the monks, the barren ground which bordered the Sarine was soon converted into fertile fields. Gnarled roots, thorns, and brambles gave place to magnificent crops and luxuriant vineyards. Water-mills, forges, and workshops of all kinds added to the wealth of the community, while it afforded them the means of giving an industrial education to the youth of the neighborhood. Not content with setting an example of industry,

patience, and every Christian virtue, the monks taught the peasants how to fill the ground, to become good carpenters, blacksmiths, and mechanics of all kinds, so that Hauterive became a centre of progress and civilization to the whole country; very much, we may add, as the Trappist monks of Staoüeli are now doing in Algeria. In the course of centuries, however, Hauterive was subjected to great vicissitudes, which are too long to be recorded here. But it was not till 1848 that a Radical Government issued a decree of suppression which drove the monks away and compelled them to relinquish their great works and bid adieu to their old monastery forever.

As to the industrial part of the establishment it was first confided to a bailiff, until in 1850, the Government, to stop the murmurs of the people, converted it into an agricultural college. But this institution again failing in such hands, it was transformed, nine years later, into a normal school for teachers to instruct the children of different villages. This school still exists and boasts of about sixty pupils. Hauterive, however, has never recovered the act of suppression of its true owners. The church is well-nigh deserted, its stables are empty. No longer are heard the cheering sounds from mill or forge, or the murmur of prayer and sacred hymns, or the soft tone of the convent bell, or the rustling of the white-robed monk; all is still and desolate and deserted. But a perfume of piety and poetry pervades the spot, as the incense in a church, long after the worshippers have gone home.

But Hauterive was to witness other scenes, and be used for other purposes; and that in a way more congenial to the spirit of its ancient proprietors. At the end of January, 1871, the Swiss nation opened its hospitable doors to upwards of 60,000 French soldiers, the remains of the shattered army of General Bourbaki. It was a real invasion for this little country, so rich in nature's charms, but poor in gold and artificial luxuries. Yet the stranger, driven from his native land by adverse circumstances, need never fear to lack here a shelter or a welcome. Everywhere noble and generous hearts are found, who have learned the charitable art of multiplying their resources for the sake of those in need, and that to such an extent that one is almost tempted to believe in a fresh miracle, and that the multiplication of corn and oil has been renewed in our days, as in those of the widow of Sarepta.

Fribourg was the natural place of passage for the French soldiers, who were afterwards to be distributed in the different Swiss cantons. How was it possible to lodge such numbers? That was the question. The largest buildings had been emptied and prepared for them; but yet were utterly insufficient. At last, it occurred to some one to send away the students from Hauterive, and convert the monastery into a temporary barrack; first for the troops on their way to other cantons; and then for those who were to remain in that of Fribourg.

No one who did not see the arrival of these poor fellows in Switzerland, can form an idea of the terrible state to which they were reduced. Some supported on crutches, their feet frost-bitten or covered with wounds; others exhausted with dysentery, burning with fever or powerless from rheumatism—the younger ones with fearful coughs which seemed to tear them to pieces, and lungs diseased from constant exposure—all utterly worn out, broken with fatigue and almost naked—it was a sight never to be forgotten! Not only women but strong men stopped and burst into tears when the troops defiled through the town—such a spectacle of human misery and of the consequences of this terrible war had never before been presented to them. But they did not content themselves

with barren sympathy: to succor the French soldiers became the one object of every heart—it was the universal thought. Even the most apathetic and those who were the least moved in a general way by the misfortunes of others, were now roused to an almost superhuman energy. To establish an ambulance was the first thing necessary. But the isolated and almost inaccessible position of Hauterive occasioned some doubts and difficulties as to the way of carrying out any such proposition. The chaplain of the college was a young man full of zeal and charity, who had earnestly desired to assist the French wounded at the very outset of the Prussian war. A sense of duty alone had prevented his leaving his post. But God, who knew the aspirations of this generous soul, had prepared the way for him: at the very moment when he began to despair of being able to carry out his fervent wishes, these souls, bought with the blood of Jesus Christ, for whom his heart was thirsting, were brought, as it were, to his very door. He was to be the instrument of eternal salvation to many among them, and it seemed as if God himself had given him the mission.

A Fribourg gentleman, who was an old friend of the chaplain, came forward to second his efforts. The necessary leave from the government and from the Swiss military authorities was obtained. A good doctor was promised. The alms of the charitable provided enough to procure the most necessary articles for the ambulance. But nurses were wanted. The Sisters of Charity in Fribourg were overworked already, and knew not which way to turn. Some months before, I had taken refuge in Switzerland with some of my companions; we were therefore free and eager to help. At the request of the chaplain, Mr. H——, and his friend, M. de R——, two of us started, accordingly, for Hauterive; a fortnight after, another sister joined us, and we regularly undertook the charge of the sick in the ambulance.

It was in the middle of February. The monastery had already served as a halting-place for troops passing onwards to other cantons, and each detachment had left a certain number of sick and wounded behind. In addition to these, the very evening of our arrival, 800 soldiers of the Antibes Legion came in. They had formed part of the Holy Father's army, and were to be quartered at Hauterive.

Five weeks afterwards a large portion of these troops, restored to health and strength, started with light hearts on their return to France. Their departure was a striking contrast to their arrival: but I would rather dwell on the history of those who found at Hauterive the end of their mortal pilgrimage. Thank God! that end was in most cases full of hope and consolation.

The first whom we lost was a young handsome man of twenty-one, by name Thiebaud, of the Garde Mobile, of the Haut Rhin. He had confluent or black small-pox, always a terrible malady from its fatal rapidity and the loathsome symptoms accompanying it; but doubly so to men already exhausted by fatigue and privations. At his very first visit, the doctor declared recovery hopeless, adding that he would probably die that day, if not, in a very short time. The poor boy was delirious, and I asked myself in despair, "How will he ever be in a state to receive the last Sacraments?" The doctor had prescribed all the most efficacious means for giving him relief, frictions, mustard poultices, cold-water bandages, etc., etc., all of which were being tried without any apparent result. The chaplain said to me, "I will stay in the next room: if he should recover his senses, try and prepare the ground and come and fetch me, if he shows the least wish to make his confession." I ac-

cordingly remained alone with the sick man. After a time he opened his eyes, his consciousness returned, and he knew me directly. "My poor Thiebaud!" I said softly to him taking his hand, "you are very ill: is it a long time since you have had the Sacraments?" "I always go to Confession at Easter," he replied; then after a moment's hesitation, he added, "But before one dies, one must confess oneself again, of course." "Would you like to do so now, Thiebaud?" I rejoined, "the chaplain is in the Infirmary." "Oh, yes, certainly, at once, please," was his reply. I ran to call the chaplain. Ten minutes after he came back bright and happy. "It is all done," he exclaimed, "now I am obliged to go away for a few hours. What do you think. Shall I give him the Viaticum and Extreme Unction now, or on my return?" "Oh, now!" I exclaimed, "I entreat, you not to delay." "Very well. Then it must be done at once, for I am pressed for time." Very soon, the little bell was heard which announced the arrival of the Divine Master, our Lord Jesus. Thiebaud awaited him piously, his hands joined, his lips moving silently in fervent prayer. He then received the Holy Communion as Viaticum, and afterwards, Extreme Unction. On taking leave of him the chaplain said, "Courage, my good Thiebaud. Perhaps you may get well after all—who knows?" "That must be as God wills," answered Thiebaud, "he is the Master."

Very soon after delirium returned. *One little half hour!* that was all that had been granted to him to prepare for the great change, and he had known how to take advantage of it. He lived on for two days longer, but for those around him, he was, as it were, dead. At one moment he was in violent delirium, at another he relapsed into a kind of lethargy. During his agony, which lasted a long time, he seemed to suffer very much, but for the last few hours of his life, he could neither see nor speak. In vain I bent down to try and distinguish a word here and there. It was impossible for the poor fellow to articulate a single intelligible sound. What passed between that soul and God we cannot tell. Over those last two days a veil was thrown. But the last conscious act of which we were cognizant was one of entire abandonment into God's hands. We may then hope that if his sufferings were prolonged a little while, it was to purify him and make him fitter for Heaven.

II.

A VERY few days after his death, towards evening, a poor old man, in travel-stained garments, and nearly exhausted with fatigue, arrived at the ambulance. It was Thiebaud's father; that much-loved father, who, in his delirium, he was perpetually calling, and whom he had so earnestly desired to see once more before he died. No sooner had he heard of his son's illness, than he had set off, and travelled day and night to come and see him. He was his only son, and the one joy and hope of his family. Unhappily, he had drawn a fatal number during the conscription; but his father had bought a substitute for £80, and thought his son was safe. Then the war broke out, and all had to serve; so that the sacrifice had been made in vain. Thiebaud started for the army, and after a few months of hard fighting and privations of all kinds, he fell ill; and we know the rest. The poor father was perfectly inconsolable, and left us sobbing, to go and pray on the grave of his only child.

Marie Roussel was the next victim, and had been but a few days in the ambulance. He was twenty-two years of age. His chest and lungs were hopelessly affected; but the end came so quickly that, only a few hours before his death, no one imagined for a moment that it was so

near. Happily he was ready. One evening the chaplain, on going his usual round of the wards, heard Roussel's confession amongst several others. He was struck by the fervor of his contrition—unconsciously, the poor lad was preparing for death. The next day, on the 1st of March (St. Joseph's month), towards three o'clock in the afternoon, his agony began. He had been struggling for breath just before to such an extent that I had sent hurriedly for the chaplain to give him Extreme Unction. Roussel had lost the use of his speech, but was fully conscious. He made a great sign of the cross at the beginning of the ceremony, and then, with immense effort, managed to say to me, "I should like so much to kneel; but I *cannot!*" Afterwards he became perfectly calm, and breathed his last without a struggle, the priest being at his side holding the crucifix (which the dying lad frequently kissed) while he gave him the Absolution in *articulo mortis*.

Equally consoling was the death-bed of another of these poor fellows, named Triaise, who sank under a violet attack of typhus fever, at twenty-eight years of age. He was the only son of a pious widow, who had made the noblest sacrifice of her life when she let him join the army. But it was to defend the Pope, and that was enough. For God and his Church she was ready to sacrifice all that she loved best on earth; and she had brought up her son in the same disposition. Before he fell sick, Triaise went every day to Mass in the church at Hauterive; and of his own accord, sought out the chaplain, and asked him to hear his confession. His illness was long and tedious. At first his greatest pleasure was to talk to me of Rome and the Holy Father, or else of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. But, by and by, the fever increased; he was constantly delirious, especially the last week of his life, and rarely knew what he was saying. But in the very height of his delirium, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were God and his mother—so completely had his good angel shielded him from the evil suggestions of the great enemy of souls. It was most touching to hear him repeating unconsciously the Church offices and the Church's prayers, the whole of which he seemed to know by heart. Often he would ask me "why we would not let him see his mother?" whom he fancied was in an adjoining room. But he always recognized the chaplain, and received him with affectionate respect. He had no sooner heard of the serious nature of his illness, than he begged that the last Sacraments should be administered to him, which was accordingly done.

His sufferings towards the last were terrible to witness. From head to foot he was covered with open wounds, and seemed to struggle between life and death. But throughout the whole of this martyrdom he displayed the same sweetness, gentleness, patience, and resignation to the will of God. The infirmarian at last came to tell me that his end was at hand. I gave him a crucifix to kiss indulgenced for the hour of death. "Yes, I love him; Oh! how I love him!" he murmured, pressing the crucifix to his breast. He spoke with difficulty; and, after a few moments, made a sign to me to leave him the crucifix. Soon after, he fell asleep in the Lord, without a struggle, leaning his face on his hand like a sleeping child. Everything about him spoke of calm and a peace that passeth understanding. Gazing at him through my tears, I could not but bless and thank God, who had put an end to his sufferings. The sorrow of his poor mother may be conceived. Our Lord alone can heal so terrible a wound. But the details which we were able to give her of his sickness and holy death comforted her inexpressibly. Her only thought now is to come and pray on the grave of her boy.

The last death which we witnessed at Hauterive was that of a lad named Lenoir, a native of the Jura, and only twenty-one years old. The devil was determined to snatch this soul from us, but, thank God, he was defeated. Typhus fever added to diarrhœa and lung disease combined to carry him off in a very few days. No sooner had he arrived at the ambulance than he fell into a painful state of prostration, and occasional delirium. Naturally of a gentle and pleasing character, he would always greet us with a sweet smile when we came near his bed. But soon after his eyes would become fixed and strange; he knit his eyebrows, frowned, and often a look of intense terror came over his face, as if he had some dreadful hallucination. At such times, we evidently appeared to him objects of some unknown fear. Thus he remained motionless on his bed; his tongue became paralyzed, and for twenty-four hours the only way in which we could make him swallow some drops of wine was by putting a finger on his tongue. After some days he recovered his speech; but dropsy had supervened, and was rapidly rising to his chest; we felt there was no hope of saving him. From the very first day I had had a bad opinion of his case, and had suggested his seeing the chaplain. M. H—— came to him immediately, and did all he could; but Lenoir absolutely refused to listen to him. His comrades and the infirmarians all implored him to reconcile himself with God and make his confession, but in vain. And all this while I felt that the time was so short, that he was on the brink of eternity—what was to be done? The very day of his death, before saying Mass, the chaplain went again to his bedside and renewed his entreaties. Lenoir thanked him, but said "that he should get well, and would go to Confession when he was cured." The good priest came back again after Mass, but only to meet with the same refusal. He then asked him "whether he meant to put it off till he should be in his grave?" "Is there then no hope?" exclaimed the poor lad. "No," replied the chaplain, "I should be deceiving you if I were to say there was; the hour of your death is at hand." "Then I will make my confession," he said. But after a few minutes the priest came back to us in despair; Lenoir would say nothing. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Oh, we must obtain this soul for God. Let us pray." We all knelt and besought the mercy of our loving Lord for this, his erring child, while the chaplain returned to the dying-bed, saying, "I will not leave him again; who knows when the grace of God will touch him?" His faith and patience were rewarded, the stubborn heart was melted, and Lenoir sobbed out his confession like a little child. We came back and hastened all the preparations for the last Sacraments. "You are happy and contented now, are you not?" said Blanche, as she leaned over his bed. "Oh, yes, so happy and so thankful," he replied. When the Sacraments were administered, he could no longer speak, but he was in full possession of all his faculties; for when the moment came to anoint his hands, he drew out immediately the one which was under the clothes and opened them both with eagerness. A little later he kissed the crucifix, and pronounced distinctly the name of "Jesus." Towards six o'clock his head fell back and all was over.

I cannot close this little narrative of our sick soldiers without saying a word of Pierron, Blanche's spoiled child, to whose care he had been specially confided. On one of the first days of the opening of the ambulance, there arrived a poor young soldier of twenty-one, dragging himself painfully along on two bits of wood to serve as crutches, who came with the rest to submit to the usual medical inspection. Both feet were

frost-bitten, and violent erysipelas had broken out in the worst of the two, in consequence of the wet and snow to which he had been for so many days exposed. Pierron went to Confession and received Holy Communion a very short time after his arrival—he needed all the strength of this divine food to be enabled to bear with patience the real martyrdom which awaited him. The doctors were compelled to make repeated incisions in his feet and to introduce pipes from time to time to drain off the matter; they even pierced through the joints. Pierron bore these horribly painful operations with a courage which surprised the medical men. Not one murmur or complaint escaped him. Only, now and then, when the agony was almost unendurable, he would exclaim: "Oh, my God, my Lord, have mercy upon me!" Blanche, who used to hold his hands during these operations and strive to help him to bear them, said to him once, in a low voice, "to offer up all his sufferings to the good God." "That is done long ago," he replied; "I could not bear them without."

Monseigneur, the Bishop (of Lausanne and Geneva), had given the sick of Hauterive permission to anticipate the time fixed for their usual Paschal duties, and Blanche suggested to Pierron to profit by this favor, as several of the sick in the ward were to receive Holy Communion on the following day. "Do you wish me to go to Confession again?" he inquired. "Yet I cannot have committed any great sins, always lying here? But still," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I may as well do so. I may have been impatient or something—anyhow, it always does one good." He went to Confession accordingly and received Holy Communion. From that day he became more and more pious and devout. Prayer was his delight. Blanche brought him the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, and one or two other books. "I do not want those," he said quickly. "I should like to have a book with litanies and other prayers in it." Blanche ran to fetch him a "Manual," with which he was very much delighted. We used to watch him day after day, sitting on his bed covered up in a brown cloak with a hood which he threw over his head, his little book of prayers lying open before him, and praying with all the fervor of his soul.

His favorite litany was that of the Holy Name of Jesus. A few days after, Blanche offered him a Rosary. He did not know how to use it. She explained to him. "Well," he replied, "but I can very well say my 'Hail Marys' by counting on my fingers; would not that have the same effect?" But when she told him how the Blessed Virgin herself had wished that we should honor her in this manner, Pierron instantly seized the Rosary, and when she added: "It is too long for you to repeat all at once; you need only say ten at a time;" he rejoined: "Oh, those who can't sleep have plenty of time to pray!" He put his Rosary round his neck, and from that time it never left him.

Pierron had a fund of originality in thought and expression which never deserted him, even amidst his greatest sufferings, and which amused everybody. The doctors, when making their rounds, used often to stop and talk to him, and he had always a little word which made them laugh. The chaplain one day, when passing through the wards, lingered by his bedside; Pierron was very fond of him, and was always delighted with his visits; but this day he received him with unusual emotion. Holding his hand, he said: "Monsieur Le Curé, I am so pleased to see you. You are always so good to me! I want to ask you something. You, who are so clever and so wise, tell

me how much longer you think I shall be ill?" The chaplain answered that he must ask the doctors. Pierron, however, insisted. "I *have* asked them, and they will not tell me—but you, why do you not say? I am but an ignoramus, and do not understand even my own symptoms; but you, who are so learned, you *must* know!" The poor fellow, in spite of his habitual patience, was getting sadly weary. He had what the Swiss call the *mal du pays*—in other words, he was miserably homesick and pining to return to his own country.

But what troubled him most was the thought of how he should ever *walk*, even with crutches. "Oh, when shall I get well again!" he exclaimed one evening to Blanche, sighing heavily. "Ask the Blessed Virgin to cure you," she replied. "She is all-powerful, and will grant your petition, if it be for your good." "I will ask her," replied Pierron. "I have always loved our dear lady; but would you not also join your prayers with mine? I should then have more hope." "Pray that God's holy will may be done in you," replied Blanche; "but we will all pray that, if it be his will, you may soon recover."

Pierron was always interested in what was going on around him; he would follow us with his eyes as we went round the wards, and sometimes a little remark would escape him. "We give you a great deal of toil and trouble!" he exclaimed one day when I was standing by a sick man in the next bed to him, who had needed continual care during the night. "You are always at work, first for one, then for the other. Ah, well, your steps are counted, and God, who sees all you do, will give you your reward in heaven." But the troops were about to quit Hauterive, and such of the sick as remained in our ambulance were to be transferred to Fribourg. Pierron was among the number. Unhappily he was getting worse instead of better. The bones had mortified and decayed, which rendered the amputation of one of his legs a matter of vital necessity. But the doctors decided that the operation could not be properly done till he had been removed to Fribourg. Poor fellow! he only survived the operation for a few days. He was tenderly nursed by one of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul to whom we had especially recommended him, and who gave us all the details of his last hours. When she had broken the fact to him that he had only a short time longer to live, he said, quickly: "You will let me know, will you not, when it is time for me to receive the last Sacraments? I am ready. I made my confession, and received Holy Communion twice at Hauterive. I do not wish to live; I would rather die and be with God." Two days before his death we went to see him once more. Death was visibly stamped on his features. He was too weak to speak; but his whole face lighted up when he saw us, and when we left him he smiled sweetly, and struggled to say: "To our next meeting in heaven!" This was his last adieu.

Before we left Switzerland, we again visited Hauterive. We wanted to take a last look at the graves of our poor soldiers. There is no cemetery there, for the monks had always been interred in the vaults beneath the church itself. But in a little nook just behind the sanctuary and quite close to the high altar, lie our brave French sufferers. We knelt by their graves, so near to Jesus in his tabernacle! and prayed with all our hearts that, their little night of pain over, they might now be rejoicing in the presence of their Lord. "How happy are they now!" I felt "thus hidden at the foot of the altar, and having fallen asleep in the arms of their Saviour! To die so

young and so far from their families and homes seems hard to poor human nature. But to the eye of Faith, such an end is surely glorious; what, after all, is death but to exchange exile for our true home, to rejoin our family above—a father, a mother, a brother, who love us with a love pure, infinite, and eternal!"

THE CAPITAL OF THE TURKS.

RECENT events in European Turkey have turned attention to Constantinople. For upwards of four hundred years it has been in the possession of the Turk. Its history, however, extends back under its ancient name of Byzantium to a date two thousand years earlier. It received its present name, Constantinople, from Constantine, the Great, who made it the seat of his government in A.D. 330. In this he gave another evidence of his foresight and sagacity, for its situation is one of exceptional strength, beauty, and commercial advantages. Long before the Christian era it was called the key of Asia and Europe. After Constantine selected it as the metropolis of his empire, it increased rapidly in the extent of its boundaries, the number of its inhabitants, and especially in its wealth. The admirable position in which it lies for commerce may, in a great way, account for such a growth. The removal, however, thither of the Roman court may be rightly considered the chief cause of its immense wealth and the grandeur of its public buildings. In both of these it soon surpassed the fame of Rome, which, after the imperial court left it, gradually declined from its former greatness, in proportion as Constantinople increased to the summit of its splendor, which it attained about the end of the twelfth century. At that time its population was reckoned about a million, and exceeded the united populations of all the other capitals of Europe. But with the influx of unlimited wealth there came also the love of luxury. Moreover, heresy corrupted the faith and morals of the inhabitants, and the spirit of schism and disloyalty to the Holy Roman See, culminating at last in open schism and disobedience, cut them off from the wholesome reforms and influences proceeding from the See of Peter, which repressed the disorders that from time to time arose in Christendom, and prevented Western Europe from sinking into the immorality and effeminacy which characterized the people of the Eastern or Greek empire. It is not easy to find a parallel in history to the long succession, broken at rare intervals by exceptional instances, of weak and licentious despots that sat upon the throne of Constantine for a thousand years. And the people of Constantinople were, it must be said, unworthy of less despicable and disreputable rulers. The annals of each successive reign of their emperors present a monotonous detail of conspiracies, tumults, rebellions, of weakness, treachery, vice, and misery.

After the Turks acquired possession of Syria, Asia Minor, in the eleventh century, they would soon have crossed the Hellespont, and captured Constantinople, had the resistance of the Greeks been the only obstacle they had to encounter. The princes of Western Europe, and especially the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome,

were more concerned at the progress of Mohammedan arms and the danger that threatened the Eastern empire, than were the effeminate and pusillanimous Greeks themselves. The crusades carried on by the Latin races of Europe were really, as regards their relation to the Greek empire expeditions, in its defence. They kept the Saracen busily engaged, defending the conquests he had made in Asia and Africa, and left him neither leisure nor means to invade Europe.

The Constantinopolitan Greeks, however, felt no gratitude to the crusaders or to the peoples of Western Europe for this, but, on the contrary, always regarded them with suspicion and jealousy. Frequently they secretly plotted and connived with the Turk against the Latin Christian forces. The Latins bore with the fickleness and treachery of the Greeks the more patiently on account of the exertions and influence of the Holy Roman Pontiffs, who strove by gentle means and repeated expostulations to induce the Greeks to abandon their schismatic position, and submit to the authortiy of the Holy Roman See, and who endeavored to unite all Christendom, Eastern as well as Western, in combined efforts against Mohammedanism.

In the year 1204 the legitimate Greek emperor was dethroned and imprisoned by a sedition, and a usurper, named Mustruphlus, assumed imperial power.

It happened that the fourth crusade was then on its way to the Holy Land, and Alexis, the emperor's son, coming to its chiefs and describing the sad state of affairs in the Eastern capital, solicited their assistance in restoring order to that city. The crusaders complied with the request, and immediately turned their arms in the direction of the place. At their presence order was restored and the emperor reseated on the throne. All things being seemingly adjusted, the crusaders resumed their journey. They had not proceeded far, however, before news of a fresh revolt in the ill-fated city reached them, in which the emperor and his son were put to death, and the usurper mounted the throne a second time. The crusaders thereupon retraced their steps, resolved to punish the perpetrators of this horrid crime. On their return they found all the gates closed, and the most active preparations being made for a determined resistance. The soldiers of the cross were equally determined to carry out their resolve, and accordingly they invested the city both by sea and land. The siege was obstinate, and lasted three entire months. At the end of this period it was carried by storm and the usurper killed.

At the entrance of the crusaders a destructive fire broke out, by which one-fourth of the city, including some of the most beautiful specimens of Grecian architecture, was consumed.

The chiefs of the victorious army, as there was no heir to the imperial crown, and no one having a better claim to it than themselves, considered the propriety of holding what they had had so much fighting to gain. It was thereupon decided to divide the conquest among themselves. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was unanimously elected emperor, receiving one-fourth of the empire as his portion. The rest was divided among the other chiefs and nobles, according to their merit, who were, however, nominally subject to the new emperor.

From the nature of its construction, together with the hatred of the Greeks, this new empire could not be of long duration. Besides, there was an insuperable barrier opposed to the Latins in the impossibility of finding recruits for their little army, now much thinned after the siege. Consequently it grew feebler every year, until 1261, when it received a

final blow from Alexis, general of Paleologus, who had been previously recognized emperor by a part of the empire, and in whom the Greek sway was restored.

From this time Constantinople seemed to recover a portion of her former greatness, but it was like the parting rays of the sun, which cast a lustre on distant hills and are gradually lost in the gloom of night.

From 1396, when the Turks under Bajazet invested it, until 1453, may be termed one long siege, interrupted occasionally when the besiegers were obliged to turn their arms against a new enemy. Before attacking the city in that year, Bajazet took the precaution of reducing the provinces; thus preventing the possibility of being harassed in his rear, or of being cut off from retreat. All the strongholds being subdued, there was nothing to hinder the victorious Turks from marching on the imperial city. The emperor, having for a long time foreseen the siege, made all the preparations necessary for a vigorous defence, hoping that he would either compel the Turks to raise the siege from want of provisions, or that the other Christian powers of Europe would at length, for the sake of Christianity, come to his assistance.

The wall that surrounded the city was exceedingly high, of great breadth, and in several places defended by strong towers. If the garrison had been at all proportioned to the attacking force, it might have easily repelled any attack of the enemy.

At the end of several weeks Bajazet had made little progress in reducing the place. At this time, however, the long wished-for succor from the West was coming to the relief of the city. It consisted of 130,000 men, commanded by Sigismund, King of Hungary, and John, Count of Nevers.

Bajazet was obliged to raise the siege, and march against this powerful army. After various reverses the Turks were at length victorious in the great battle of Nicopolis. Such was the barbarity of the Turk that he put to death ten thousand prisoners whom he had taken in that battle. The siege was renewed after this disaster to the Christian arms, and the city would have been taken but for a new enemy who threatened the dominion of Bajazet.

This was the celebrated Tamerlane, who, with a vast army of Tartars, spread terror throughout Asia. Bajazet finally abandoned the siege, and hastened to encounter the invader. In a great battle his whole army was vanquished, and he himself taken prisoner by the victorious Tamerlane.

Thus Constantinople was, for the time, saved from her most dreaded enemies, and regained most of her possessions in Europe. The Turkish dominions were soon reunited, however, by the powerful hand of the Sultan Amurath, who, in a short time, recovered the lost conquests in Europe and threatened Constantinople itself. The emperor had recourse to the Western powers as before, and, through the exertion of Pope Eugenius IV, an army, chiefly of Hungarians, was dispatched to meet an enemy who was now threatening Europe. They were defeated in the great battle of Varna, 1444. After this disaster Constantinople, to avert another siege, was obliged to pay an annual tribute to Amurath, to whose victorious career death put an end in 1450.

Mohammed II, son and successor of Amurath, resolved to crown the conquests of his predecessors by establishing his court in the capital of the decaying empire. Of the extensive dominions of the Greek empire in the year 1453 there remained nothing but the city and a few leagues around it. Constantine, its emperor, calmly awaited the final attack.

The situation of the Western powers was at this time rather favorable

to the progress of the Turks. Italy was divided into several small States, which, without a combined action, could render little assistance to a suppliant; France was engaged in subduing her turbulent nobles, whilst England was torn with civil war. Thus no aid could be expected from those countries which had, in former times, driven back similar dangers to those which now threatened the imperial city. But there was another reason why Constantinople was left in this last struggle to sustain itself almost unaided against its aggressors. The Greeks, though often having received succor from the powers already mentioned, mainly through the exertions of the Sovereign Pontiffs, cherished a bitter hatred against the Latin Christians, and especially against the Holy Roman See. Hence, when soldiers were sent to their assistance by Rome, the insane jealousy and hatred of the populace, inspired and increased by several of their leading ecclesiastics, broke out into expressions of dissatisfaction and a refusal of the proffered aid. They preferred, they declared, to see the turban in Constantinople rather than the Roman mitre.

The long-threatening storm burst at length in the year 1453. In that year Mohammed invested the city with an army of nearly 400,000, whilst a fleet of 300 ships shut out all entrance to the harbor. The emperor's regular army within the city, consisting chiefly of hired troops, did not exceed 9000, and the volunteer force scarcely reached 5000. With this handful of men the city repelled several attacks from the land side, whilst danger from the sea side was warded off by throwing a huge chain across the entrance to the harbor.

The ill-success of his land army, together with the inactivity of the fleet, greatly exasperated Mohammed. An ingenious contrivance was at length applied by the Turks. Certain instruments were invented by which eighty ships were conveyed by land into the harbor, and then a complete investment was effected. The lofty fortifications and their brave defenders seemed, however, to be little affected by the repeated assaults of the besiegers, and a general dissatisfaction set in among the latter. This was increased by the rumor that an army, under the celebrated John Hunniades, was approaching to the relief of the city.

To quell this discontent, which was fast leading to a mutiny, Mohammed encouraged his men to give a final assault, describing to them the immense wealth in which the city abounded, all of which would be their booty if they succeeded in taking the place. Inflamed with the love of indulgence, the Turks eagerly demanded to be led to the attack.

The grand assault was given on the 29th May, 1453, when the besieged seemed, at last, to yield to the incessant attacks of their assailants. A breach was made at the Porta Sancti Romani. Here Constantine, the last of the Greek emperors, fell bravely, his little band being completely overcome by the torrent of his enemies.

At the entrance of the Turks a general massacre took place, and the most atrocious deeds were perpetrated during the three days' plunder to which the city was subjected.

Thus fell the most opulent city of the middle ages, after a siege of fifty-three days by the arms of Mohammed II, to whose successor it still belongs, but from whose possession, it is a moral certainty, it will ere long depart.

The rule of the Turk over what are naturally the most favored and richest portions of Eastern Europe, has been prolonged by the mutual jealousies of the great European powers, and their attempts to maintain a political equilibrium amongst themselves. But despite all their efforts, the process of dissolution has been steadily going on amongst the Turks themselves, and the end of

this process is evidently and rapidly approaching.

What will be the fate of Constantinople it is impossible to foretell. Whether the Russians will ultimately fall heir to it, or it will become the capital of an Albanian or Servian kingdom, or the metropolis of a confederacy of semi-independent Albanian and Slavonic principalities, or what other destiny awaits it, is hidden in the womb of the future. One thing only is certain, and that is, that ere long it will cease to be the seat and political centre of a Turkish empire.

SOMETHING ABOUT PEARLS.

THE chief place among all precious things belongs to the pearl, says Pliny; and although pearls are not now held in the same extraordinary estimation as in ancient times, they are still gems of price; a necklace consisting of fourteen of them being the gift of a prince to his royal bride.

Britain early acquired a reputation for its pearls, as appears from a statement made by one of the oldest Latin writers, Pomponius Mela, to the effect that some of the seas of Britain generate gems and pearls. A tradition preserved by Suetonius says that Julius Cæsar was tempted to invade the island by the hope of enriching himself with its pearls; and Pliny speaks of the pearls of Britain as small and ill-colored, referring to the breast-plate studded with pearls which Cæsar himself had brought home and dedicated to Venus Genetrix in her temple at Rome. Solinus affirms that the fact of the pearls being British was attested by an inscription on the shield. This agrees very well with Pliny's expression, that Cæsar wished it to be understood that the offering was formed of British pearls.

Pliny gravely tells us that the oyster produces pearls from feeding upon heavenly dew. Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boece, speaking of the pearl mussel of the Scottish rivers, says that "these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl." Harrison says that the pearls are also sought for in the latter end of August, a little before which time the sweetness of the dew is most convenient for that kind of fish which doth engender and conceive them. In the East the belief is equally common, that these precious gems are

> Rain from the sky,
> Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

"But, alas!" as Doctor Baird justly says, "alas! for poetry and romance! the science of chemistry, which has with its sledge-hammer of matter of fact converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal, has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of concentrate layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!" This being admitted, the question then arises as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to

the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells and absent in others.

In all cases it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance, is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign substance, which has got between the mantle of the oyster and the shell; and, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers it with a smooth coat of membrane and a layer of nacre, forming a projection on the interior, generally more brilliant than the rest of the shell. At other times it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. The animal, therefore, immediately plugs up the opening made with a coat of nacre; and, shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases the pearl is usually found adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The most valuable specimens are generally found loose in the muscles or other soft parts of the animal.

Mother-of-pearl is the inside lining of the nacreous shells, which, like the pearl itself, is composed of alternate layers of very thin membrane and carbonate of lime; but this alone does not give the pearly lustre, which appears to depend on minute undulations or waves of the layers. This lustre, it is said, has been successfully imitated on engraved steel buttons. Sir David Brewster, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, tells us that the iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil-paint. Similar appearances are to be seen in the structure of pearls. In these, the colored images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white uniform light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament. Pearls, however (at least the most valuable), are not perfectly solid; and in a split pearl the transparency is considerable. If a split pearl is set in a ring, with the divided surface outwards, and examined with a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed. It is this brilliancy which distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success.

Pearls are produced by many bivalves, especially the British river mussel (Unio margaritifera), and the Oriental pearl oyster (Avicula margaritifera). All the pearl shells are called margaritifera from Margarita, a pearl, and fero, to bear.

The pearl mussel is found in the mountain streams of Europe and America, the East and West Indies. They more especially abound in the rivers and lakes of North America; but several are natives of this country, and produce the once famous British pearls. The animal is of very little value as food from the insipidity of its taste, and at present it is used for bait in the Aberdeen cod-fisheries. The inside of the valves is sometimes pink, sometimes white, often highly iridescent, and they occasionally contain numerous large pearls; as many as sixteen having been taken from one shell. Pennant says that this species is noted for producing quantities of pearls; and formerly there were regular fisheries to obtain them.

The Scottish pearl fishery continued until the end of the last century, especially in the River Tay, where the mussels were collected by

the peasantry before harvest time. The pearls were generally found in old and deformed specimens; and round pearls about the size of a pea, perfect in every respect, were worth three or four pounds. In the Irish pearl fisheries the mussels were found set up in the sand of the river-beds with their open side turned from the torrent; about one in a hundred contains a pearl, and about one pearl in a hundred may be tolerably clear.

A curious account, published about thirty years ago, says, that the pearl mussel is found in abundance in the River Conway, and is collected by means of the natives of North Wales, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put into a large kettle over a fire to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes, barefooted, and stamps upon them until they are reduced to a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance, which they call soloch, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle at the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if it may be so called, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much an ounce for them. The price varies from one-and-six to four shillings an ounce; there are a number of persons who live by this alone, and when there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish, it is preferable to any other daily labor. The pearls are generally of a dirty white, sometimes blue, but never green or reddish color. There are generally several scores of ounces taken to the overseer each week. But what makes this fishery singular is the mystery which hangs over it. It is a perfect monopoly, and there is but the person who buys them up who knows what becomes of the pearls afterwards. And this fact has, of course, given rise to some curious and fanciful surmises respecting them. Some suppose that the pearls are sent abroad to be manufactured into seed pearls; others more gravely say that they are exported to India to be dissolved in the sherbet of the nabobs!

The huts which have been erected for the convenience of boiling the fish, are on the extremity of the marsh, about a mile north of the town of Conway. About twelve miles up the river pearls have been found occasionally as large as a moderately sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple, but they are very rarely met with. The large and small pearls are all sold together; but some years they are as high as four shillings, and other years as low as two shillings an ounce.

There is a species of pearl mussel in which the Chinese produce artificial pearls by introducing small shot and sand betwen the mantle of the animal and its shell. Mr. Gaskoin has a specimen consisting of two strings of pearls, and another in the British Museum has inside the shell a number of little josses made of bell-metal, now completely covered and coated with pearl.

Another variety of the pearl-bearers is the Mya, which is found on the shores of the European, Asian, and African seas, where, in several places, it is used as food, and also devoured by aquatic birds. There was a great fishery for pearls in the river Tay, which extended from Perth to Loch Tay; and it is said that the pearls sent from thence—between the years seventeen hundred and sixty-one and seventeen hundred and sixty-four—were worth ten thousand

pounds. In the present day it is uncommon to find pearls in these shells worth from one to two pounds.

Pearls are also produced in great quantities by different varieties of oysters. The best are found in the Wing-shelled pearl-bearer (Avicula margaritifera), which, although during ancient times sufficiently plentiful in the seas of our area, is now exceedingly rare, being for the most part tropical. It is remarkable both for its beauty and eccentricity of shape, as well as for the pearls which it contains. It is fished in many parts of the world, particularly on the west coast of Ceylon; at Tuticoreen, in the province of Tinnevelly, on the coast of Coromandel; at the Bahrein Islands, in the Gulf of Persia; at the Sooloo Islands; off the coast of Algiers; off St. Margarita, or Pearl Islands, in the West Indies, and other places on the coast of Colombia; and in the Bay of Panama, in the South Sea. These wing-shells afford the mother-of-pearl used for ornamental purposes, and the Oriental pearls of commerce. Mr. Hope's pearl, said to be the largest known, measures two inches long, four round, and weighs eighteen hundred grains. One of the most remarkable pearls of which we have any account, was bought by Tavernier at Catifa in Arabia (a fishery famous in the days of Pliny), for the enormous sum, it is asserted, of one hundred and ten thousand pounds. (See Forbes and Hanley's *British Mollusca.*) It was pear-shaped, regular, and without blemish, measuring nearly three inches in length.

The most extensive pearl-fisheries are those on the several banks not far distant from the island of Bahrein, on the west side of the Persian Gulf; but pearl oysters are found along the whole of the Arabian coast. The fishing season is divided into two portions; the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June diving is practiced along the coast in shallow water; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and September, that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep; and when it is cold the divers are much inconvenienced,—indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress the nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with beeswax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waist to hold the oysters, and aid their own descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up. A diver generally dives from twelve to fifteen times a day in favorable weather; but when otherwise, three or four times only. They continue under water from a minute to a minute and a half, or at most two minutes. The exertion is extremely violent, and the divers are unhealthy and short-lived.

Pearls are liable to a disease which makes them sicken and perish. Noble families, who pride themselves upon the possession of ancestral pearls, are every now and then panic-stricken by finding some of their precious gems turning of a sickly blue color and crumbling into dust. The crown jeweller of France applied, not long since, to the Academy of Sciences for a remedy for this disease, caused, most probably, by the membranes which form part of the pearls, corrupting and decaying, as all animal matter does, by contact with the air, and leaving the powdered carbonate of lime as the only remains of the once lustrous pearls. There seems to be no remedy, that we can think of, for pearl-sickening, except preserving the pearls as much as possible from the influence of the light and air.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE question of the admission into the Union of New Mexico, has given occasion for a few flings at the people and institutions of that Territory. Some of these have been answered by the Rev. J. A. Truchard, of Santa Fe, in a paper contributed to the *Revista Catholica*, of Las Vegas. As regards the schools of New Mexico, he says:

"Every one knows in New Mexico that these schools owe nothing to the government at Washington, that it has to this day never given one cent towards the education of her youth, that they owe nothing to the heavy taxation levied in favor of schools, they owe nothing but to the Roman Church and to the zeal and energy of our beloved archbishop, J. B. Lamy, who by a thousand sacrifices and hardships has brought from the United States, and even from France, the Sisters of Loretto, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, who founded in 1853 the Convent of our Lady of Light, and in 1859 the College of St. Michael, which are certainly the two best schools of Santa Fe and the whole Territory, without excepting the University of the Presbyterian reverend gentleman.

"In the course of time the good Sisters and Brothers, seconded by the clergy of the diocese, established new educational houses at Taos, Mara, Las Vegas, Bernabillo, and Las Cruces. Even in Denver, Colorado, there is a house which branches off from the mother house of Santa Fe. There are good schools in Albuquerque under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, and in many other places, which it would be too tedious to mention here. All these schools give entire satisfaction to the people of New Mexico."

THREE large and important conventions met in Philadelphia in June and July. First the German Catholic Central Verein assembled, and after religious services on Sunday, June 4th, the members had a parade on the 5th, and held their sessions on that and the two following days. This association of benevolent societies aids many Catholic objects, such as the Normal School at Milwaukee and Missions to the Negroes. Father Weninger, S. J., made an able speech in advocacy of the latter cause. Some steps were also taken to bring the German Catholic Central Verein into closer connection with the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union.

The National Union of Catholic Young Men's Associations met in the same city on June 28th and 29th.

The Total Abstinence Union of America, under the presidency of Dean Byrnes, met on July 4th, and after the delegates had assisted at High Mass at the Cathedral, when the Most Rev. Archbishop Wood pontificated, they dedicated the fountain in Fairmount Park, which has been erected to commemorate the deeds of Commodore Barry, of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, of Archbishop Carroll, the first Catholic prelate in the United States, and of Father Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance. This fountain is the largest and costliest in the United States, with perhaps one exception. In addition to the statues of the four noted Catholics above named, there will be a large statue of Moses striking the rock.

SOME articles have appeared lately in the Catholic papers on the absence of a distinctively Catholic society in this country. There are several sides to this question, and it is one which presents many difficulties. If Catholics, as such, were to associate exclusively with their co-religionists, they would occupy a position similar to that held by the French legitimists, or the old Catholic families in England; that is, they would be isolated, and without part or share in the national affairs. This would certainly not be a consummation to be desired. Again, in the United States, a man who is rich to-day is poor to-morrow, and *vice versa*. Still, again, wealth and intellect, or at least cultivation and intelligence, each contribute to form what is known as society, and these are not the exclusive possession of Catholics; there are many who are wealthy but not cultivated or intelligent, and many who have both these qualifications, but are not wealthy.

Our churches and schools have been built chiefly by the hard-earned dollars of the poor, who form so large a proportion of the whole. Yet industry and thrift produce wealth; and as a fact of some interest in this connection, we notice that in the one city of Boston, and not estimating those who possess less than $1000 in real estate, that the Catholics of that city possess $50,000,000 worth of property, more than the whole value of the city in 1825.

THE Eastern Question, which appeared to be settling itself, is growing more troublesome than ever to the diplomatists, and more encouraging to the hopes of humanity. Servia, secretly encouraged by Russia, is making preparations for war. The Turkish population at Constantinople is very agitated. In Bulgaria fearful outrages and massacres

have been perpetrated by the Turks. Austria, as a government, is discouraging the insurgents, but the people of Hungary sympathize with them and aid them. England is supporting the government of the new Sultan, but his cabinet ministers have been murdered, and the Russian Bear is supposed to have a paw in the troubles. It is a game of check and counter-check. Russia encourages Servia to move, and forms an alliance with Germany and Austria. England removes the former Sultan, and obtaining promises of reform from his successor, sends a fleet of iron-clads to the Dardanelles, and affords Germany and Austria an excuse for breaking off from a too close alliance with Russia. But then comes a fresh change; Russia and France begin to approach more closely, the Sultan's ministers of state are assassinated, the liberal feelings of Europe are alienated from England by the reports of the Turkish cruelties, and dissensions in the English Cabinet are the result.

THE Republican Convention, by the nomination of Governor Hayes for President, has shown some party wisdom. It is to be feared, however, that anti-Catholic fanatics will try and make some capital out of the school question and "sectarianism." The administration of Grant has been very sectarian in respect to the Indian Missions and the favors granted to the Methodists. As regards the common schools, neither Republicans nor Democrats have the desire or the power to do anything for Catholics. Politicians of all kinds have a great respect for votes, and very little for arguments. The school question is one for each State to settle for itself. If the Catholics of any State think that they are strong enough to act, let them show their strength, and the politicians will respect them. But to argue on this question and do nothing, is worse than puerile. Show the politicians that in a particular State the Catholic Church is educating one-half, or one-third, or one-fourth even of the children of that State, and that, at the same time, they are contributing to the support of schools that they do not use. Show the American people, or the politicians who act for them, a fact like this, and we may be able to gain something, otherwise not.

THE Irish political prisoners have escaped from Western Australia, a remote colony of Great Britain, to which they had been consigned, and there is great rejoicing thereat. It was sung of old by Moore that "Rebels in Cork are Patriots at Madrid," and although the public opinion of England is always in favor of an insurrection to, say, dethrone the Pope, or split the Union, of the American States, or upset the French Government, yet insurrections in Ireland, India, or Jamaica are heinous indeed. The only sovereign whose rule must be supported is the Sultan of Turkey. His troops may burn, slay, and plunder at their own sweet will.

Political stupidity and blind prejudice has marked every step of English rule in Ireland. So slight a boon as the liberation of these poor men, would have been hailed enthusiastically in Ireland a short time ago, and now they have escaped, and will be soon in America, or some other free land, where it is no crime to hint that the English government is not the perfection of wisdom.

THE International Exposition in Philadelphia promises to be a pecuniary, as it is already certain to be an artistic and educational, success. One million of visitors have already seen its assembled treasures. Among the many attractions of the Exhibition, the Art Galleries receive much attention. The displays of England, America, and perhaps, Spain, are the most truly *representative* of any. Although other countries have sent many choice works of art, they do not convey any idea of the real artistic treasures of France, Italy, and Germany. They have been sent by private individuals more than by the governments, or by the collective artists of the country.

The barrenness of religious art among Protestants is very conspicuous. Natural scenery, domestic and historical scenes and incidents may be and are well portrayed, but to see anything distinctively religious, the visitor should notice the art treasures of the Catholic nations.

SEVERAL of our American prelates have issued patriotic pastorals, recommending their flocks to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the national freedom with all possible zeal. The pastorals of Bishops Elder and Gilmour are ardent in their professions of love for American institutions, and freely acknowledge that they give the Catholic Church full facilities for the exercise of its divine work, and for the happiness of the people. Here every man has a fair field, and can rise by the exercise of prudence and industry. Here all are equal before the law; here freedom has found a congenial home, and the energies of the citizens find scope and exercise. Contrary to the ideas of some misguided people, we think that so far from Catholics not being good citizens, that on the contrary, a Catholic that did not love America and desire its wellbeing would be a curiosity. We do not know where any are to be found.

NOTHING can well be more ridiculous than the sneer that Catholics love their Church on

account of its ceremonial. Not one Catholic in a thousand, or in ten thousand, is familiar with the ceremonial of the Church, and many have never seen it carried out. Did the Irish people love the Church on account of its splendid ceremonies only, when they attended Mass in caves on account of the persecutions? If to be a Catholic all that were necessary was to attend High Mass in a fine cathedral, and listen to enchanting music and eloquent preaching, to dress altars and walk in procession, then this sneer would have some foundation. But the majority of Catholics do not attend cathedrals; they hear only Low Mass, and never witness the full beauty of Catholic ceremonial, or if they do, do not study it or understand it. Catholics obey the Church because they believe it has divine authority to teach them; only this and nothing more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART. By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

The conflict of the Church with the world ruled by the powers of darkness has well been called a war. For it is not a single contest or battle, but a series of successive campaigns involving countless offensive and defensive movements on the part of the Church on the one side, and the forces under the dominion of error on the other. And as the enemy of souls is driven from one position after another, or his assaults upon one side of the fortress of truth prove ineffectual, he musters his forces anew, and commences operations from another position and against another point.

Thus, during the first ages of Christianity, it was the mystery of the Incarnation that was chiefly assailed and perverted by errorists and heretics. Through a long series of conflicts the Church exposed and discomfited those heresies. In the course of time they died out almost entirely, or at least lost almost entirely their power for evil over the public mind. Instead of these first heresies others arose, which, avoiding direct assaults upon the Incarnation and the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, attacked other truths of divine revelation. Yet these later heresies, nevertheless, though not directly assailing the Incarnation, in their logical consequences implied its denial. And so every form of heresy may be said to involve in its final results the denial of this fundamental mystery!

In every age God provides through his Church special remedies for the special evils that arise. One of the evils of to-day, perhaps the most prevalent one, is a spirit of indifference, of cold, skeptical neglect and disregard of all devotion, or absence of all warmth and genuine love for God, for his only eternally begotten Son, and for his saints. By way of offset and correction of this, arose the special devotion to the Sacred Heart, which has now become universal throughout the Holy Catholic Church, and to which the Universal Church has recently, by a decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, cordially and loyally responded to by the faithful of all regions and countries, been specially and solemnly consecrated.

This book of Cardinal Manning, therefore, is altogether timely as a contribution towards diffusing a clearer comprehension of the truths upon which this devotion is based and the special ends it is intended to subserve. He has intentionally confined his treatment of the subject in this work to its dogmatic side, from the conviction that when divine truth is clearly and fully apprehended, it generates devotion as one of its genuine fruits. He believes that one cause of shallowness in spiritual life is a superficial apprehension of the dogma of the Incarnation, "and that one divine purpose in the constitution and diffusion of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, in these last times, is to reawaken in the minds of men the consciousness of their personal relation to a Divine Master." "For," says Cardinal Manning, "our Divine Lord has foretold the dimness and coldness of these latter days. 'The Son of man, when he cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on the earth? Because iniquity hath abounded, the charity of many shall grow cold.' In that day, the disciples of the Sacred Heart at least will know whom they have believed."

In fulfilling his intention, Cardinal Manning has explained with great clearness and force in the ten Discourses the truths which have special reference to this devotion. To the discourse on "The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart," he has added three valuable Appendices, and also numerous citations and references to the Acts of Councils bearing on the subject, in order to aid the clergy who may not have access to these authorities, in more readily meeting the objections of adversaries.

THE YOUNG LADIES' PROGRESSIVE READER, Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. New York: P. O'Shea, No. 37 Barclay Street. 1876.

The selections for this *Reader* seem, from the cursory examination that other occupations have permitted us, to have been made with care and sound judgment, with the design of forming a volume of reading lessons specially suited to young ladies. The number of authors from whom excerpts have been taken is very great, and comprise almost every variety of style and mode of thought. Amongst others, we find extracts from the writings of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop Landriot, Monsignor Dupanloup, Balmes, Digby, Chateaubriand, Lacordaire, Channing, Washington Irving, Addison, Emerson, and Goldsmith. Among the selections of poets, we find excerpts from Longfellow, Bryant, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Adelaide A. Proctor, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Norton, Miss Loudon, Schiller, Byron, and Whittier.

Preceding the Reading Lessons is an introductory chapter, in which the principles of elocution and the requisites of good reading are set forth in a plain and practical manner, with many judicious hints and suggestions of great value to the attentive student. This introductory chapter explains and illustrates, among other subjects, those of pronunciation, pauses, emphasis, cadence, and inflections of the voice.

At the end of the volume there is a valuable Appendix, containing brief biographical sketches of the principal authors, from whose works the Reading Lessons have been taken, and also of eminent historic personages whose names are alluded to in those lessons.

MARGARET ROPER; OR, THE CHANCELLOR AND HIS DAUGHTER. By Agnes Stewart, Author of *Florence O'Neill*, *The Foster Sisters*, *General Questions*, etc., etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1876.

The history of the so-called Reformation in England, in its earlier stages, is little more than a record of the manner in which Henry VIII. persistently pursued his purpose of gratifying at once his lawless lust and his inordinate ambition, covering both at the same time under a hypocritical pretence of regard for religion.

In bright contrast with his hideous character stands that of his Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, a man whose exemplary purity of life and adherence to principle, under the severest temptations to swerve from it, were not more remarkable than was his profound and accurate legal erudition and eminent ability. And of all acts of Henry VIII. during a long reign, marked throughout the greater part of it by almost countless reprehensible acts, one of the most hideous of them all, as combining at once the crimes of ingratitude, injustice, hypocrisy, and cruelty, was his treatment of Sir Thomas More.

Margaret Roper was Sir Thomas More's daughter, a lady accomplished and, what is still more, a most exemplary Christian. She possessed many of the virtues and traits of character of her admirable father, and entertained for him the deepest filial affection. Her life, indeed, was interwoven with that of her father during the latter periods of his.

The author of the book before us has taken advantage of this, and in tracing the vicissitudes through which the daughter had to pass, has faithfully and graphically depicted the father, as Henry VIII. pursued him with relentless cruelty, and forced him, from the seat upon the Bench as Lord High Chancellor, and, step by step, through deprivations of honor and position and false charges, an impeachment forced from Parliament by threats, a trial conducted with glaring unfairness, by corrupt judges and a terrified jury, first to the Tower and then to the scaffold.

A number of other historic characters connected with these scenes are introduced by the author, and naturally and faithfully depicted. Historic truth is rigidly adhered to throughout, and the story is therefore as instructive as it is pathetic and interesting. A number of letters from Sir Thomas More to his daughter Margaret, and to friends, and others, are given, and these also add both interest and value to the book.

THE WISE NUN OF EASTONMERE; AND OTHER TALES. By Miss Taylor, Author of *Irish Hearts and Homes*, *Tyborne*, etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

The Wise Nun of Eastonmere is a tale of the fifteenth century, before England lost the true faith. It shows very truthfully and beautifully English life during that period, and especially convent life. The heroine of the tale is a young lady of high birth, who becomes a nun, and passes through many trials and vicissitudes, all encountered and endured in the spirit of true humility and self-mortification, and bringing in the end a rich reward.

There are several other personages of different characters and stations in life, who are well depicted. The incidents are varied, and some of them of tragic interest. The *Other Tales*, "True to the End" and "Olive's Rescue," are stories of modern times.

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